The War Illustrated

Vol. 1 A Permanent Picture Record of the Second Great War No. 12

Watched by a few inhabitants, a Scottish regiment is marching into a French village behind the lines where they are to be billeted. On the right the pipe band that has played them in is drawn up. Billeting officers have preceded the troops and arranged quarters. In the last war the Highland regiments wore kilts, but it has now been decided that, for their own comfort, the kilted regiments in the fighting zone are to wear battle-dress similar to that of other infantry regiments.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

'Planes in Action Above the Halted War

Although on the ground the War on the West had entered upon a phase of virtual inactivity, in the air there was an occasional battle between Nazi reconnaissance machines, more venturesome than most, and the warplanes of the Allies.

FOLLOWING the French withdrawal from their tactical excursion into "No-man's land," activity on the Western Front subsided once again. For weeks the war communiqués had nothing to report but quiet nights and empty days. But if fighting there was none, there was along the whole front from Holland to Switzerland an attitude of tense expectancy. Wherever the soldiers were congregated they maintained the utmost vigilance. Fingers were ever, as it were, on the trigger; men were always standing by ready to fire the guns.

Many were the grumbles at the enemy's inactivity, and in many parts of the line only the anti-aircraft gunners could boast of having been in action. Occasionally an enemy raider dared to appear in the sky overhead, and then the military machine sprang to life with a vengeance.

One of these exciting incidents was reported by Mr. Harold Cardozo, "Daily Mail" special correspondent with the French Army, who told of a fight on November 5 between a German twin-engined 'plane and British chasers. He was being shown round the aerial defence of a vital part of north-east France when the rehearsal suddenly became the real thing. A red-tabbed artillery lieutenant arrived, went straight to the battery commander and saluted: "'German 'plane reported south of X, sir.' The men ran to their battery positions. The predictor glasses swung round the whole arc of the horizon. The German 'planes—there were two of them, it appeared—were not lost sight of for a moment. 'Guns into alert position,' came the order. The ugly long barrels swung up into the sky from their greeny-camouflaged nets. 'Direction south-east,' was the next order. The great guns swung with a wickedly easy movement to the direction given. Events followed swiftly. Wind and temperature corrections were given and checked. The great eyes of the battery position, huge twin telescopes, moved nervously over the whole front, with its patches of mist, of dark rain-squalls and of sunlit clouds."

Then there came a roar of engines in the air, and three 'planes, British Hurricanes, were reported from the observation

This French infantry battalion, marching along one of the level, straight roads of north-eastern France, is just about to pass one of the windmills which are so familiar a feature of the landscape. At once half-forgotten memories of Don Quixote are stirred—but these knights of today are not, like the knight of old, tilting against the imaginary enmity of windmills: their foe is the very real malignity of Hitlerism. In the top photograph young Nazi conscripts are learning how to camouflage trenches.

Photos, Wide World and Topical

Invention Gives Accuracy to the Gunners' Aim

French soldiers are here operating a range-finder for aircraft in front of an artillery position. They are wearing the latest type of French steel helmet, which has a visor.
Photo, Courtesy of French Embassy

post. "Batteries note, British 'planes in air. British 'planes in air. German 'planes to south. German 'planes to south."

Shortly afterwards the observers gave a warning of the approach of the Nazi raider: "Enemy 'plane in sight. Flying south to north, crossing from X to Y. Altitude estimated 6,000 feet. All batteries ready for action." Staccato replies came from gun after gun. "Number one gun ready." "Number two gun ready," and so on.

With his glasses Mr. Cardozo was able to pick up the German machine, a large reconnaissance 'plane with the black and white signs and the Nazi swastika clearly visible. "Orders, with a medley of figures, corrections, came from the central observation posts. They were passed up

Above right is a most unusual view of a big gun taken on the Western Front. The breech block has been opened preparatory to inserting a shell, and this affords a clear view to the distance through the barrel. Guns as well as men are dug in at advance positions, and in the photograph immediately above, British anti-aircraft artillery have completed emplacements for the predictors, those uncanny, elaborate instruments that permit the gunner to follow his target with automatic accuracy. Amidst this warlike scene a French farmer, seen left, still carries on.
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Play and Dance Banish the Poilus' Boredom

The Poilus, like the British, have their entertainments behind the lines. In one of these photographs is a theatre for soldiers at a base camp; in the other a professional French dance band plays to the troops in a sandbagged shelter.

Photos, Planet News and Courtesy of the French Embassy

and repeated automatically in the form of fingers, red and green, over dials. 'One, two, three, four,' the robot said. The guns roared out. It was grey enough to see the flashes from the batteries, and I could hear the shells swish skywards. The German 'plane was still flying on a straight line. It was obviously, however, defending itself with two machine-guns, one in a turret firing upwards and one firing across its tail. The Hurricanes soared and swooped like falcons, their guns spitting angrily. One of them shot through the clouds and disappeared. The other I could still see clinging to the Heinkel's tail. As we were about to leave an officer came up with the final message of the fight by British chasers. 'German 'plane brought down 20 miles away. Pilot and observer seriously wounded, two other prisoners.'"

Such exciting interludes as this were few and far between. For the most part of their daily and nightly vigil the observers turned their glasses on an empty sky. Very, very rarely did the whistle blow which brought the crews to their stations, lifted the muzzles of the guns and plastered the sky with puffs of white smoke. Very likely the Germans on their side of the line similarly complained of the slowness of the war, but over their lines must have brooded, too, a spirit of expectancy. But not the private or his company commander, not the divisional general or the member of the High Command, could know when or where the great stroke was to be delivered. Not even Hitler . . .

Now this would-be Napoleon of the twentieth century turned his eyes on Switzerland, and without a shiver of apprehension the Swiss tested afresh their frontier defences. From Switzerland he swept his gaze towards Holland, and the Dutch, while refusing to admit that any nation could be so wicked, or so silly, as to attempt a violation of their country, raised the level of their dikes and kept their army at full strength. He looked at Belgium, but King Leopold had already declared that his country was far more ready to resist aggression than she was in 1914. He threatened England with secret weapons—and then, when a bomb wrecked the Munich beer cellar, his satellites complained that only a short time before the British had boasted of having a secret weapon! Like Kaiser Wilhelm, like Napoleon, like Philip of Spain, he saw in England the enemy, but as yet he chafed in impotence.

Empire Pilot's Unique Feat in the Aerial War

The terrific force with which the enemy 'plane, brought down from a height of 27,000 ft., crashed in the street of a French village can be judged from this photograph, taken immediately after it fell. A large area of road surface has been destroyed and parts of the aeroplane are still burning fiercely.
Photo, British Paramount News Reel

THE remarkable achievement of the young New Zealander who brought down a German Dornier bomber from a height of 27,000 ft. was, as regards height, a unique feat in aerial warfare. The young pilot (who had just celebrated his 21st birthday) was up on patrol, when he realized that a raider was above him, and he then climbed up and up until he came within range. In vain the German pilot endeavoured to escape his pursuer. Both aircraft kept up a sustained fire, and the Dornier did its best to dodge the little British 'plane. The German dived towards a bank of clouds, but before he could reach it the New Zealander, as he said, " gave him the works." The results of " the works " are seen in this photograph. During its attack on the enemy bomber the British 'plane had swooped down at about 400 miles an hour and then straightened out—magnificent airmanship.

Some of the wreckage was blown a considerable distance, and here a fragment is lodged in a tree. Right, French soldiers are examining the wreckage.
Photos, Associated Press

Dutchmen Refuse to be Rattled

Faced with the problem of breaking the grip of the blockade, Hitler is believed to have contemplated seizing Holland in order to establish air and submarine bases for his war against Britain. But the Dutch kept calm—and on the alert.

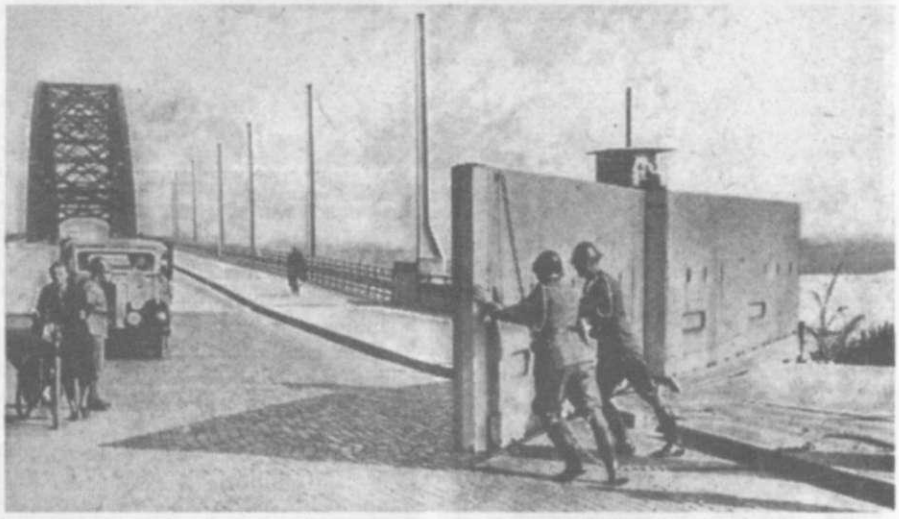
This remarkably clever piece of camouflage conceals the trench that leads to a gun emplacement on the Dutch coast.

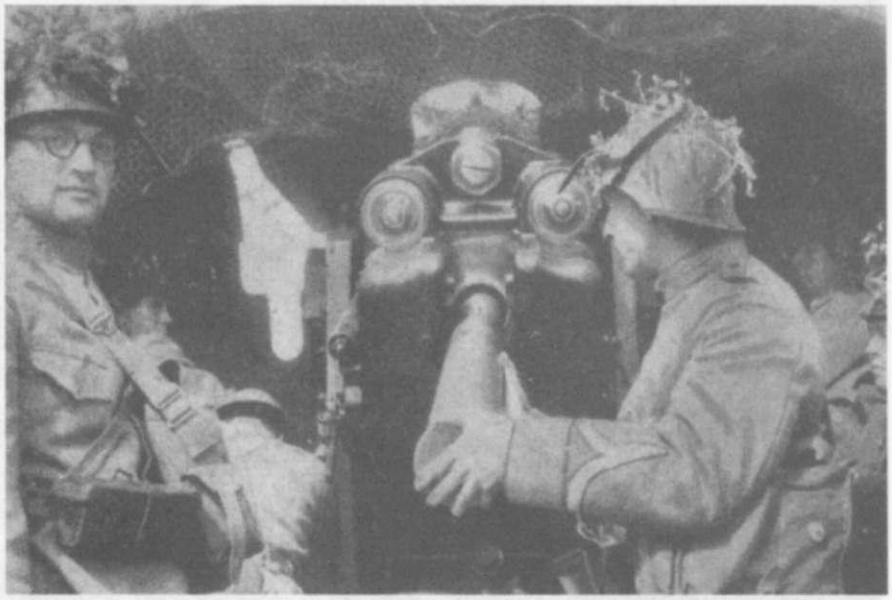
KING LEOPOLD of the Belgians makes a night dash to see Queen Wilhelmina of Holland—German troops massing on the Dutch frontier—Holland ready to open her dikes. With these headlines in their morning papers small wonder that people thought that the week-end following Armistice Day might well see an invasion of Holland, and perhaps Belgium as well, by the Nazi legions. But the week-end came and went, and the little countries were still permitted to preserve their neutrality.

On the Monday, November 13, the Dutch Prime Minister, Jonkheer de Geer, broadcast a most reassuring message to the nation. "The Government have found," he said, "that in the last few days rumours of disaster for our country have caused alarm in many quarters. I am here now to tell you that there is not a single reason to be alarmed." The rumours, he went on, had been caused by statements in the foreign press, wireless reports, and certain measures taken by the Dutch Government—measures which had been widely misinterpreted. Increasing tension in the west had caused the Dutch to make changes in the nature and intensity of their mobilization, but it was a great mistake to conclude that their frontiers were therefore more seriously threatened. "We mobilized in September this year, not because we distrusted our neighbours, but because it was our duty to be prepared for any emergency. . . . We must never allow the impression to be created abroad that our mobilization is only symbolic; others as well as ourselves should be convinced that it is effective. Therefore its intensity has to be changed in accordance with the tension near our frontier."

The Prime Minister concluded by saying that he hoped his words would restore the peace of mind of those who had been showing signs of nervousness. Such nervousness was surely not unwarranted, however. Although the "main water line" of defence had not yet been flooded, it was understood that the dike gates were ready to be opened at any moment. Work on the construction of fortifications in the Maastricht Appendix went on day and night. Dutch troops were moved to the frontier, and defence talks were entered into with the Belgian ministers. From the coast came reports that certain lighthouses had been extinguished and lightships recalled to port.

Yet, in spite of all, Jan and Grietje went out on their bicycles as usual for their Sunday excursion along the roads above the brimming dikes; only the soldiers confined to barracks were unable to keep the appointments they had made for the afternoon. The churches were full—but they usually are in Holland; the cinemas and theatres put up their house-full boards—again as usual. When night fell the lights of the cities and towns shone brightly, and many a worthy Hollander, listening to the radio as he sipped his schnapps, must have wondered what all the pother was about. After all, how many times was Holland on the eve of invasion in the last war?





Though the last war in which the Dutch army fought was a campaign against a native tribe in the East Indies in 1906, it has kept in touch with all the latest developments of warfare, and no possible means of defence against aggression has been omitted. Centre, right, are steel gates erected on a bridge over the river Maas, near the frontier. Explosives to blow up the bridge in the last resort are in place. Above is a Dutch anti-aircraft gun fully manned just inside the frontier. Even the steel helmets are camouflaged.

Photos, Central Press and Planet News

France Has a 'Silent' Navy Too

In the course of his speech on the naval aspect of the War in the House of Commons on November 8, Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, paid a high tribute to the work of the French Navy.

THE fame of the French army is world-wide, and everyone appreciates to the full France's magnificent efforts in producing and maintaining that great body of men which is now standing to arms in the Maginot Line. It is perhaps not so generally realized, however, that France has also a powerful and highly efficient navy which in this war, as in the last, is making a most valuable contribution to the ultimate success of the common cause.

Shortly before the war France had seven battleships (the "Strasbourg," launched in 1936; the "Dunkerque," launched in 1936, and five pre-1914), 19 cruisers, 37 escort and patrol vessels, 59 flotilla leaders and destroyers, 12 torpedo boats and 77 submarines. There is also one aircraft carrier. Most of the smaller craft are of recent design and construction. Many vessels are in course of construction, including the 35,000-ton battleships "Richelieu," "Jean Bart" (nearly completed), "Clemenceau" and "Gascogne"; 2 aircraft carriers and 9 cruisers.

Perhaps the most important of the French Navy's activities in the war to date has been in connexion with the transportation of the British Field Force to France. In British waters and for the greater part of the crossing the transports were in the custody of the Royal Navy, but towards the end of the crossing and until they actually arrived safely in harbour it was the French Navy which undertook their protection.

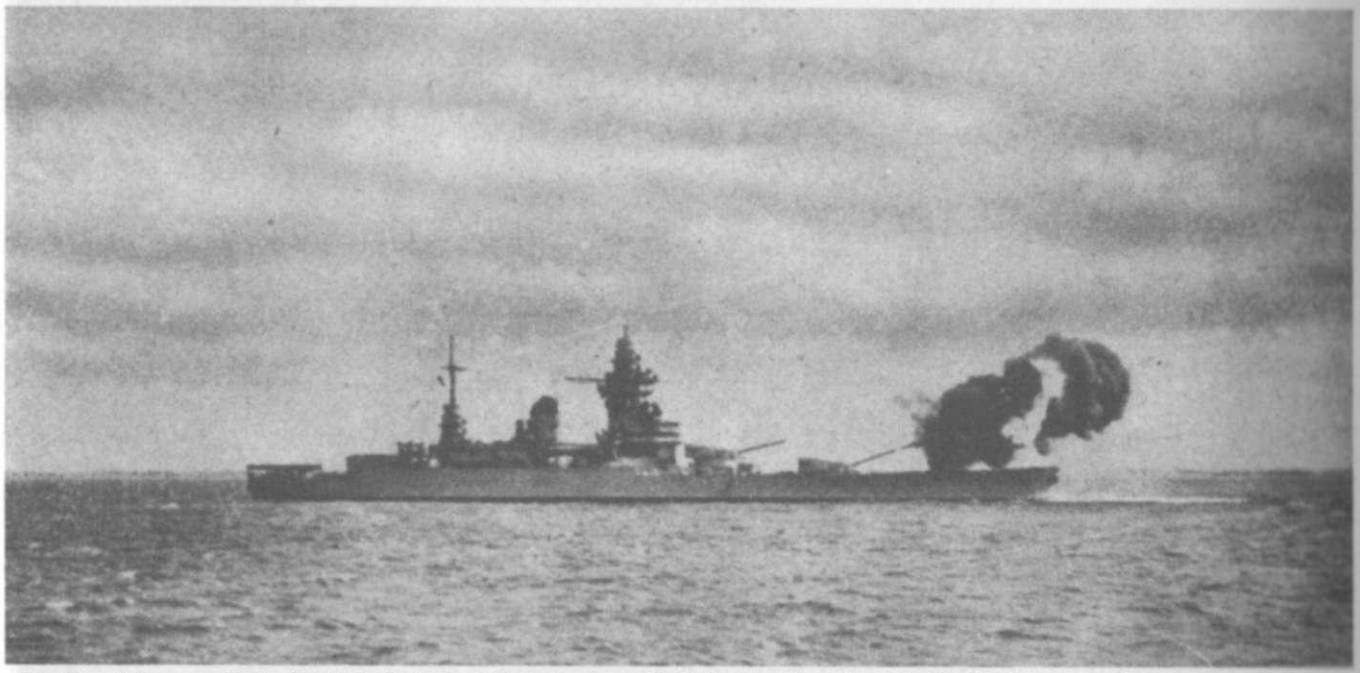
In this operation a large fleet of ships of many kinds was constantly engaged. Out at sea patrol vessels and minesweepers were seeking and destroying mines which may have been laid by the enemy fathoms below the surface; reconnaissance vessels, police boats from the harbours, and pilot boats had to stand by at all hours to receive the transports. This work went on day and night.

The French Navy also ensured the actual defence of the ports and the coast. Defence and anti-aircraft batteries had to be maintained in a state of high efficiency, and look-out and signalling stations were constantly on the alert. Protective nets had to be placed into position and minefields laid. All this prosaic, but very necessary, work was carried out by a crowd of small craft constantly at sea.

Several hundred transports arrived in French ports in a single month. For the most part they did so at night with lights extinguished and their decks crowded with troops and war material. The lamps in the lighthouses having been extinguished, the ships were piloted through French waters with the help of a modified system of buoys. One by one the transports drew alongside the quays, gangways were lowered, and the soldiers filed ashore. As soon as the ship was empty tugs pulled it away from the quay; another transport came alongside and a new crowd of soldiers fell in and marched away into the night. At least three convoys crossed each night during the period of greatest

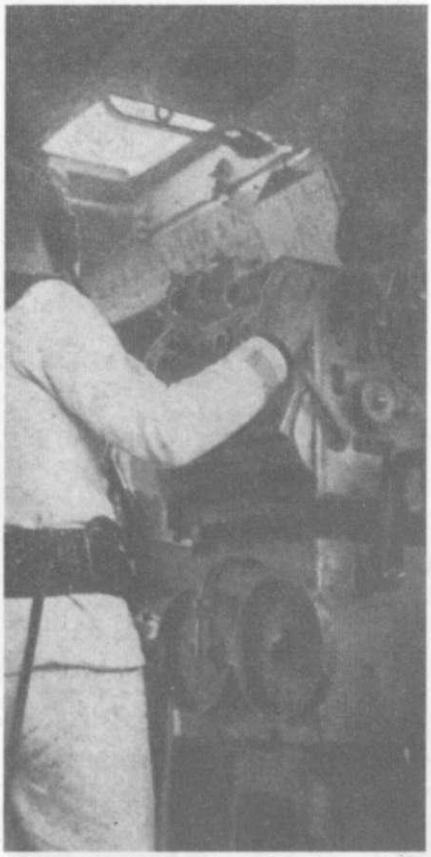
This typical seaman of the French Navy is on sentry duty. The personnel of the French Navy is recruited very largely from Brittany, the Bretons being among the world's finest sailors.

Photo, Pierre Boucher



The French Navy maintains the highest standard of efficiency, and both in the Channel and in the Mediterranean fleet exercises and gun practice were carried out regularly in peacetime. Here a French man-of-war has just fired the big guns of her forward turret, and the smoke of the propelling charge is still pouring out of the muzzle. The biggest guns carried by French battleships are the 13·4-in. weapons of battleships completed before the last war.

Photo, Planet News



From the bridge of a French warship orders are being transmitted to the engine-room by ratings, on whose accuracy the safety of the ship depends.

activity, and every ship arrived intact without the loss of a single man.

Those who were in certain French ports at the time and saw perhaps ten transports discharging simultaneously on to the blue-lit quays, have testified how completely successful was the collaboration between the French Navy and Army and the British headquarters.

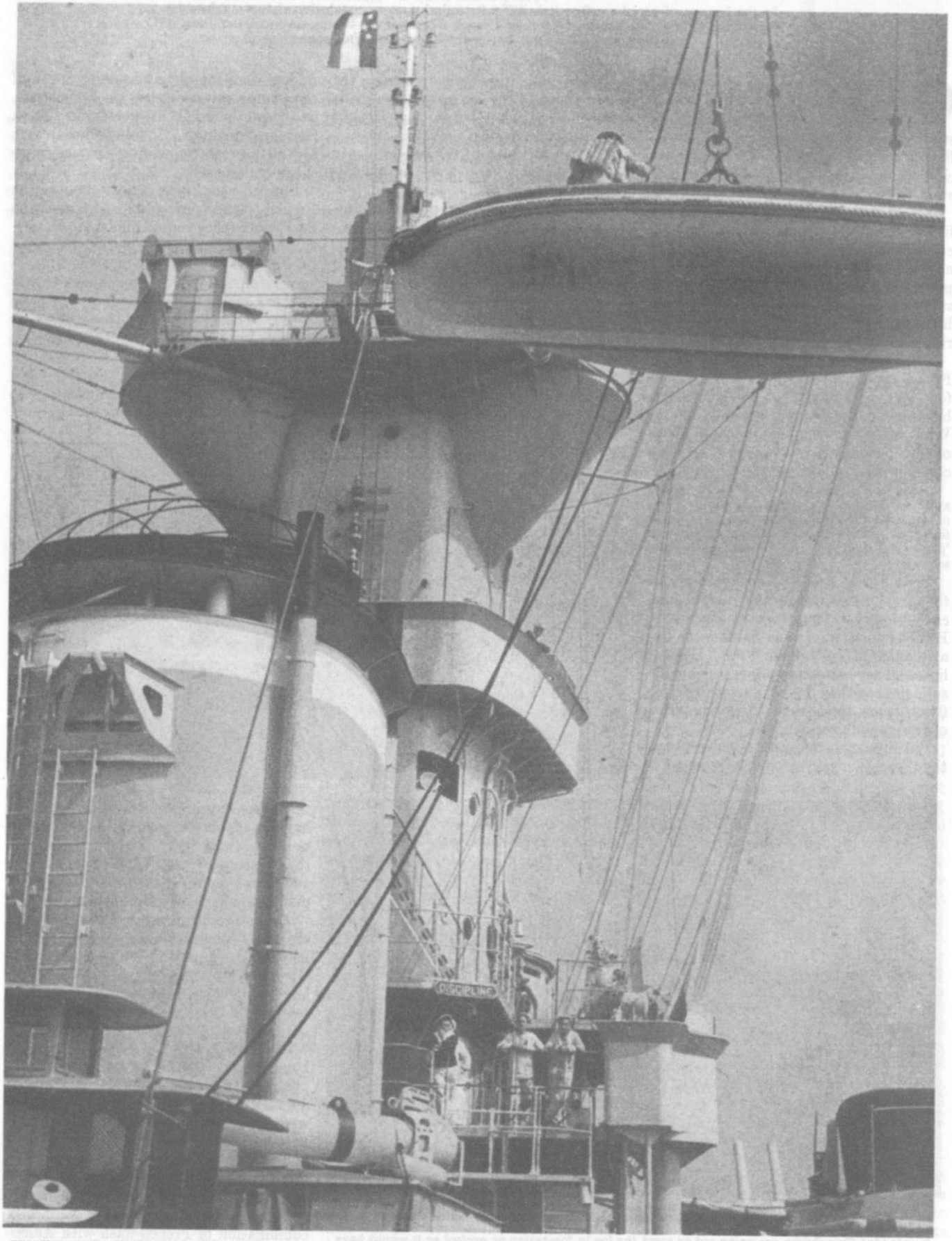
In many other ways the French Navy has rendered our own most valuable assistance—in submarine chasing, for instance, and in the protection of the mercantile marine. It is stated that the French Navy has accounted for at least five submarines, and has captured 225,000 tons of contraband. "Not for many generations," said Mr. Winston Churchill in his speech in the House of Commons on November 8, "has the French Navy been so powerful or so efficient. Under the long care of Admiral Darlan and M. Campinchi, the Minister of Marine, a magnificent fighting and seafaring force has been developed." Not only had the French Navy assisted in every way agreed upon before the war, but it had also lifted off our shoulders a whole set of burdens. "It seems to me a wonderful thing," concluded Mr. Churchill, "that when France is making so great an effort upon land, she should at the same time offer to the Allied cause so powerful a reinforcement by sea."

This man on a French warship is on the look-out on the bridge, and is endeavouring to identify some suspicious object sighted on the far-distant horizon.

France, like Great Britain, has immense overseas possessions—in North Africa, on the shores of the Mediterranean, in West and Central Africa, besides Madagascar and its dependencies and the large French territories in the East Indies. For this reason a powerful navy to patrol her trade routes is essential to France, and above French warships are seen at sea on this duty. Besides keeping up the patrol, the destroyers of the French Navy have joined those of the British Navy in submarine hunting with conspicuous success.

Photos, Courtesy of the French Embassy

Mighty Symbol of the Naval Strength of France



The French Navy, like the British Navy, has to guard the communications between France and an immense Colonial Empire. One of the ships engaged in this work is the cruiser "Algérie," here seen in port with one of her guns being hoisted out. Just below it can be seen a paravane, the great safeguard against mines that has now been adopted by both the Allied Navies. The "Algérie" is a cruiser of 10,000 tons, launched in 1932, carrying eight 8-in. guns and twelve 3·9-in. anti-aircraft guns. *Photo, Pierre Boucher*

French Flyers in Spectacular Air Battle

In the history of aerial warfare it is difficult to find a more conclusive victory against heavy odds than that achieved by nine French fighters over twenty-seven of the foe in the course of a fierce battle above the Western Front.

On a November day somewhere behind the Maginot Line, several French air pilots are standing stiffly erect before their fighter 'planes. Facing them is a little group of sombrely-clad civilians, set in a frame of glittering staff officers.

One of the civilians, a sturdy, thick-set figure, steps forward and salutes on each cheek the pilots, as one by one they advance to meet him. A handclasp, a perfectly executed salute, and the pilot steps back into the rank. But now on his breast there hangs from a red and green ribbon the bronze *Croix de Guerre*.

Thus M. Daladier, Premier of wartime France, rewards the French pilots who a few days before had been engaged in the biggest air battle of the war on the Western Front. The first announcement of the engagement was given in a French communiqué issued on November 6:

During a violent fight nine French fighters attacked a group of 27 German fighters. Nine of the latter were brought down, of which seven fell within our territory. Every one of our 'planes engaged in this encounter returned safely.

These three sentences hardly do justice to a really sensational and most significant victory. The story opens with a French squadron of nine fighters making a reconnaissance above the German lines. They were high above the clouds, so high that they did not see at first that flying below them were three squadrons of German Messerschmitts.

Putting down the noses of their 'planes the French nine, without a moment of hesitation, valiantly charged down on the twenty-seven. The Germans, soon made aware of the enemy's approach, fought back with desperate bravery, and so, watched by the men of the two armies in the lines below, there developed a fierce dog-fight in the skies.

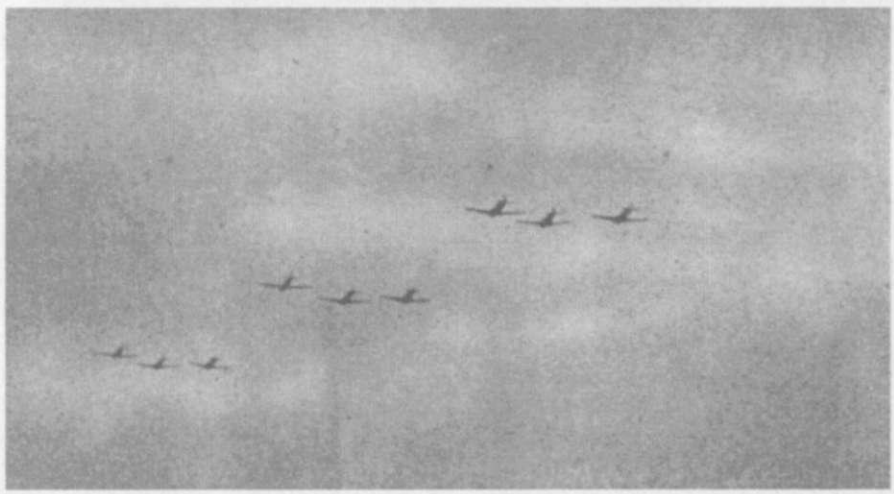
Though the French fighters were outnumbered so heavily they displayed their manœuvrability and fire power in such excellent fashion that in a very short time the twenty-seven German 'planes were retiring over their own lines.

They were not allowed to get away so easily, however. Dodging here and there among the bursts of anti-aircraft shrapnel, doing their best to escape from the French fighters whose every gun was blazing death, the German raiders were completely routed. Seven of the twenty-seven crashed on French soil, and two others fell just across the line in German territory. It was believed that several of the remaining 'planes were severely damaged.

Flushed with their victory, two of the French 'planes proceeded to fly over the Saar, where they routed nine more Messerschmitts, and in another part of the front on the same day four French fighters successfully engaged nine Nazi 'planes. The German High Command, it may be noted, in its communiqué on the day's happenings, made no mention of the battle with the French 'planes.

With good reason the French rejoiced in a glorious victory. So one-sided was it, indeed, that some experts suggested that the Messerschmitts engaged must have been obsolescent types; but it is unlikely that such would be used on the Western Front. "It not only brings additional proof of the quality of French pilots," said one semi-official commentary, "but also confirms all that has been said of the technical qualities of French material. In straight-line flying the German Messerschmitts may perhaps have a slight advantage in speed, but as soon as it becomes a question of aerobatics—a vital factor in fighter machines—the French aeroplanes have the upper hand."

Later it was reported on reliable authority that the nine French 'planes were American Curtiss fighters, machines with a speed exceeding 300 miles per hour. With the removal of the American arms embargo, the supply of these and other American machines has been greatly facilitated, and the splendid results of a combination of French dash with American technical efficiency must become ever more marked as the struggle proceeds.



These two remarkable photographs, exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, show stages in the great aerial fight between nine French fighter aircraft and 27 Nazi fighters which ended in the astonishing victory for the French described in this page. In the top photograph the heroic nine Frenchmen are going out to meet the foe in formation as perfect as it would have been in manœuvres. Below, is one of the Messerschmitts brought to earth, with French soldiers standing guard round it.

Photos, Courtesy of Pathé Gazette

Solitary Watchers of the Skies

"Some must watch, while some must sleep," to quote Shakespeare; but all too seldom do we remember the unceasing vigil of Britain's civilian Observer Corps, on whom we rely for the first notification of the appearance of enemy raiders.

WHEN in the early eighteen-hundreds Napoleon mustered his fleet of flat-bottomed boats at Boulogne, the coasts of England were patrolled by pig-tailed Jack tars. Up and down the cliffs they marched, stopping every now and then to raise their telescopes to their eyes, eager to catch the first glimpse of "Boney."

Today an organized band watch afresh the coasts of Britain, or rather not the coasts so much as the air, by which in the twentieth century the enemy is much more likely to come than by the sea.

This army of some 15,000 watchers, occupying isolated posts in those districts of Britain most likely to be crossed by enemy raiders, constitutes the Observer Corps, which since the outbreak of war has been placed under the control of the Air Ministry. Its members are, however, civilians enrolled as special constables, and they wear no uniform; their only distinguishing mark is their "Special's" armlet. Some are full-time "professionals," but the great majority are unpaid volunteers drawn from among the residents in the neighbouring villages. After their periods of duty, involving at regular intervals an unsleeping night, they have to go to work as usual.

Each of the two men manning this observers' post has his own job to perform. One scans the skies with a pair of binoculars, meanwhile keeping in touch with headquarters by telephone; the other trains his instrument on the approaching aircraft and thus plots its course on the table. The observer in the right-hand photo is also engaged on this operation.

Photos, Central Press and Sport & General

Above is an observer in his well sandbagged post, telephoning his report of passing aircraft back to headquarters.

Photo, Central Press

Working on four- or eight-hour shifts, two or more observers are on duty beside their sound locator, maintaining a constant watch for the approach of aircraft. Whether hostile or not, every aeroplane that passes within range is carefully scrutinized and reported. If the carefully-trained hearing of the observers recognizes the engine note of an enemy raider, the alarm is at once passed on by telephone from the observers' isolated posts on the coast or inland to their headquarters, and thence to the successive lines of defence.

First the searchlight and sound locator detachments spring into action. Operating their sound locators, the men determine the position of the hostile aircraft by means of the sound of their motors, due allowance being made for the "sound lag." As soon as the position has been determined the searchlights cease their haphazard probing of the sky and speedily pick up the individual raider. As soon as one has got on to the target two others at once concentrate on it, and this conjunction of lights is a signal to the interceptor fighters, who immediately race to make their attack out of the darkness upon the brilliantly illuminated 'plane. The anti-aircraft batteries also come into action.

But, like that of an air-raid warden, the observer's period of duty is usually unmarked by any such eventful happening as that just described. From his post he surveys a large tract of peaceful countryside, where even the thought of war seems quite out of place. From long experience he has learnt to know and distinguish the distant factory hooter, the noise of passing trains, the hum of the electricity works, and the sirens of boats on the river far away.

Dull work it is for the most part—but, should the enemy bombers come, the Observer Corps is in the very front line of the country's defence, for on the alert hearing of these lonely watchers may depend the safety of vital communications and centres of civilian life.

British Science Is Helping to Win the War

In this war, to a greater extent even than in 1914-1918, scientists are being mobilized to play their part in the nation's effort. Below is given some indication of the ways in which their assistance is vital.

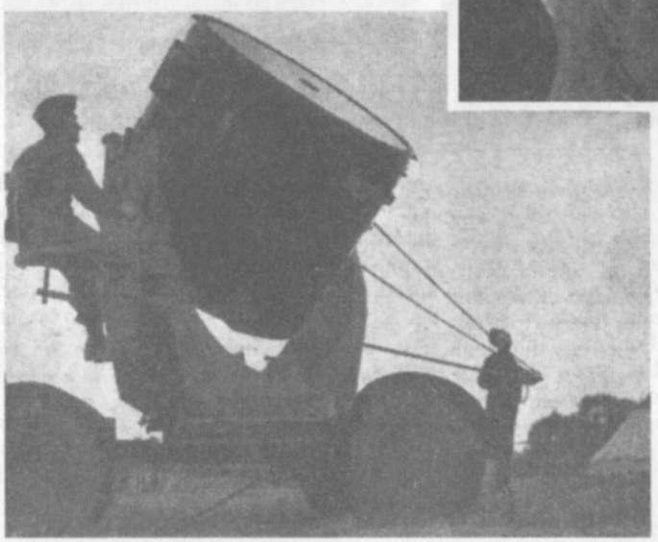
THE stimulus of the last war on invention and scientific research produced the tank, the anti-aircraft gun, gas warfare, the extraordinarily rapid development of wireless and aviation. To cope with these and kindred developments, three great departments of Government research were founded: Agriculture and Fisheries, Medical and Scientific and Industrial.

The first is essentially devoted to the supply of food, whereas the latter are the concern of the Medical Director-General and the Ministry of Supply respectively. In 1914 the civilian staff of scientists at the War Department numbered less than 40. Today there is a staff of about 800, including specialists in every branch of applied physics, chemistry, and engineering, working in the five laboratories of the Ministry of Supply.

The research carried out in these establishments deals with the application of existing scientific principles to the vast array of weapons, instruments, machines, equipment and stores required by the three fighting services.

The predictor, as used by anti-aircraft batteries (above), is one of the most wonderful of all the new military equipment. It is a most complicated type of calculating machine, and tells the gun-layer where his weapon should be aimed so that the shell and target will meet.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright



This huge searchlight, mounted on a mobile carriage, is of the latest pattern, and spells danger to any raider should its great beam be successfully trained "on target." The projector controller (on the right) can alter both the traversing and elevation of the light.

Photo, Keystone

Seventeen distinguished scientists with fourteen assistants are devoting their full time to speeding up research. A reserve of 140 scientists and assistants, arranged in 27 balanced teams, have been organized to tackle urgent problems the moment they arise. And a further 35 distinguished consultants have been earmarked for service when required.

This scheme is the most comprehensive mobilization of scientists in national service that has ever been attempted, and a really full account of their work is impossible owing to the secrecy attached to most of it. Some idea can be gained, however, of the type of research that is behind all our weapons by studying some of their requirements and achievements.

Every time a gun is fired and a shell hurled accurately through the air to burst in fragments dead on its objective, the results of long and arduous chemical and physical research are being put to the test. The explosive propelling the shell must be designed to burn slowly, in, say, one-hundredth of a second or so, but the shell itself has to have a high explosive filling burning at a far greater rate. So this filling is detonated by an elaborate mechanism inside the shell, a clockwork time fuse.

If we can imagine what would happen to an alarm clock when fired out of a gun, we may realize that a fuse is no ordinary piece of clockwork. It has to function accurately, but yet not be damaged by the shock of discharge, although that shock is used to set it in motion.

The sound-ranger for finding the position of enemy guns is highly scientific and the result of much research. Amidst all the indescribable din of battle this instrument has to pick out the sound of a particular enemy gun or battery and report its position quickly. Each of the sound-ranging microphones spaced along our front pick up the sound of the enemy gun, transform that into an electrical impulse which is sent by wire to headquarters, where it is recorded photographically on a special moving strip of cinematograph film. The interval between the impulses received at two neighbouring microphones can then be calculated, and from this the direction of the gun is found. Other pairs of microphones provide several bearings intersecting at the exact position of the gun.

Among the problems successfully dealt with in this connexion is the correction that has to be applied for the drift of sound down wind. Since the last war this has reached a high state of perfection.

Again, the problem of throwing a searchlight beam on to a modern bomber travelling at high speed is not solved by sound-locators. These only indicate where the target *was*, not where it *will be* when the anti-aircraft gun is fired. An intricate mechanism incorporated in the sound-locator unit predicts semi-automatically the line of sight for an accurate hit.

War certainly stimulates inventions, for some 300 or so arrive at the Ministry of Supply each week. But it is considered fortunate if even one in a hundred is useful. Among the less inspired suggestions are death rays that disregard any and every simple scientific principle.

'Battle Practice' Oils the A.R.P. Machine

Above, dealing with an "unexploded bomb" from a "crashed German raider," and right, "Nazi airmen under arrest"—incidents from a Bethnal Green mock air raid.

THE "stand-by" atmosphere of the first few weeks of war may be lost at any moment in the urgency of the "real thing," when the training of Civil Defence personnel will prove the deciding factor in preserving the Home Front unbroken. Realizing this, the local authorities in some districts have staged practice exercises as being the only way of keeping their services on the alert and at the full pitch of efficiency. The photographs in this page illustrate various exercises in the London area carried out when the war was still young.

On the right is another realistic scene during the mock air raid held at Bethnal Green. The remains of the "German raider" burn fiercely while A.F.S. men and rescue squads rush up to attend to the victims and extinguish the fire. Above, in the City of Westminster, another fully-equipped rescue squad show how they deal with a casualty.

Photos, Planet News and Associated Press

'Royal Ordnance' Won't Let the Soldiers Down

With Britain getting into her wartime stride, all her ordnance factories are working at full pressure. Here we have a few impressions of one of the most famous of these, gathered by a Special Correspondent of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED who was privileged to pay it a visit by courtesy of the Ministry of Supply.

IN the days of antiquity the temples of the War God were pillared halls, bare and cool, across whose marble floors moved white-robed priests with silent tread. The temples of the War God in modern Britain are very different. They are huge structures of cement and steel and corrugated iron. Their darkness is shot with the flaming fires of mighty furnaces. They resound with the clang of monstrous hammers crashing down on masses of half-molten iron. They are dim, and through their murk move big-framed men on whose heads are perched little round caps which once were white, whose uniform is blue dungarees, and whose feet are encased in mighty heat-resisting clogs.

Here in this great shed in one of Britain's innumerable ordnance factories are being brought to birth a vast multitude of shells. In the centre is a battery of furnaces with flames licking round the edges of the doors. Now and again a door is opened to reveal a white-hot inferno in which a great lump of iron is being raised to a terrific temperature. A man like some gnome of the underworld, sweat pouring off his brow and hairy chest, pushes into the heart of the furnace a long pair of pincers and drags out into the cool the glowing mass. Then from the roof, from amid a cluster of chains and ropes and wires, a great clamp reaches down, grips the billet and drops it into a hole, sizzling as it goes. Now a kind of giant ramrod descends and bores its irresistible way through the centre of the red hot cylinder. The ramrod is withdrawn, the clamp descends again, raises the billet and drops it on the concrete floor. One of the hovering gnomes deftly lays it on the floor with a single lift of a narrow bar, and then, with a few contemptuous kicks of his mighty boot, rolls it across the floor. Another swift movement with the rod, and the shell in embryo, still glowing pink, is put to stand beside the rest of the morning's batch. One more shell has been born.

Steel for the Guns

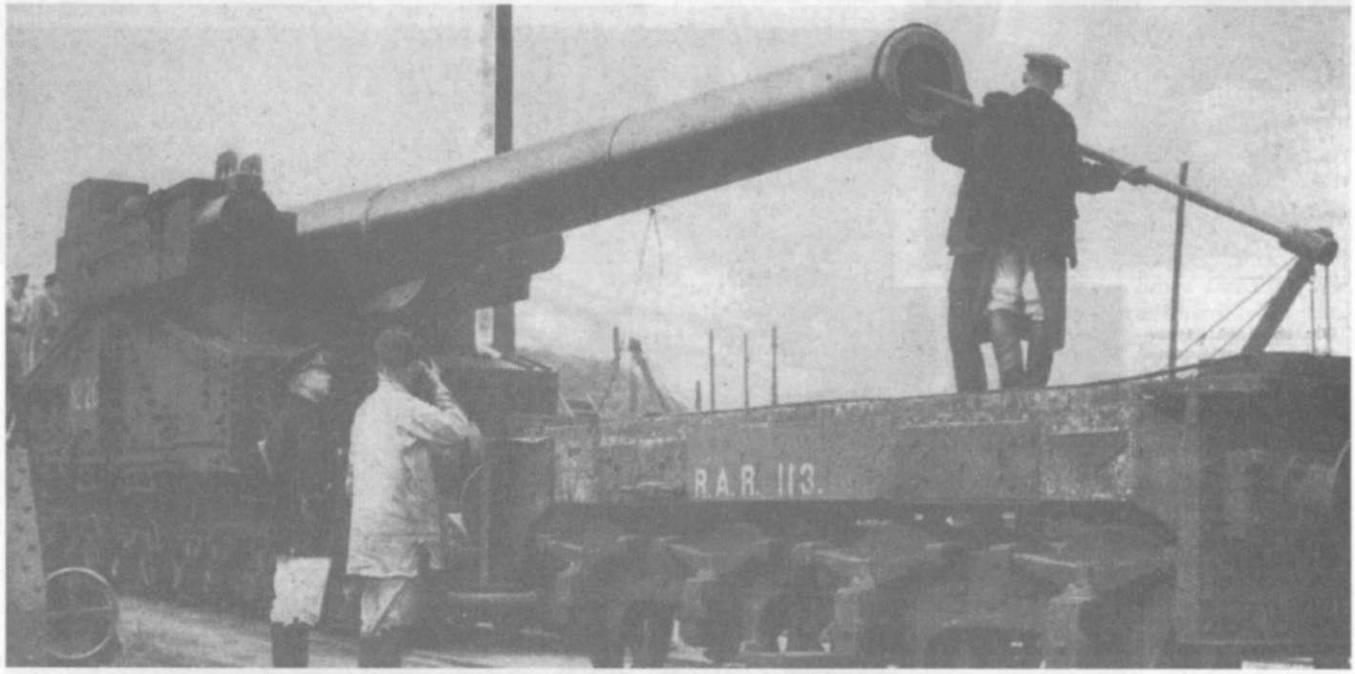
In the next great shop there is a magnificent display of fireworks, which would much more than compensate any small boy for the ban on this year's Guy Fawkes celebrations. They are splashed out from a huge cauldron set high above the ground in which molten iron is boiling like soup. Now and again manganese and other metal ingredients are dropped into the seething liquid, and so the iron is converted into high-grade steel. Not far away in another vast shop red-hot billets are being sliced with the ease and cleanness of butter on the grocer's counter. In yet another great shop molten masses are pressed into shape with a pressure of 3,000 tons.

Now we leave the forge and foundry—taking care not to trip over that naval gun, 60 ft. or so in length—and move over to shops devoted to the manufacture of shells and small-arm ammunition. Here there is the same wonder of machinery, the same exactness of working, the same devoted labour, the same care that the ammunition for our soldiers' guns and rifles, for their machine-guns, anti-tank rifles, and so on, shall all be of the most perfect reliability. Every shell is weighed and gauged, checked for this and tested for that; little electric lamps are lowered into its interior to make sure that its surface is not belied by what is within; its base is carefully tapped with little hammers for that false note which would indicate a flaw; on a bench it is passed from hand to hand as each inspector contributes of his skill and experience to the making of a perfect job.

Now we come to the firing butts, where a tremendous naval 14-in. gun is mounted ready for firing. The breech is opened and the gun is loaded with a proof shot. Then the gun crew retires to a safe distance and the monster is left in solitary grandeur.

Suddenly there is an earth-shaking roar and a vast tongue of flame spits out from the barrel. The gunners run from their shelter, open the breech, from which now belches a cloud of white fumes, and a small army of inspectors make a most careful examination of the way in which the barrel has stood up to the discharge.

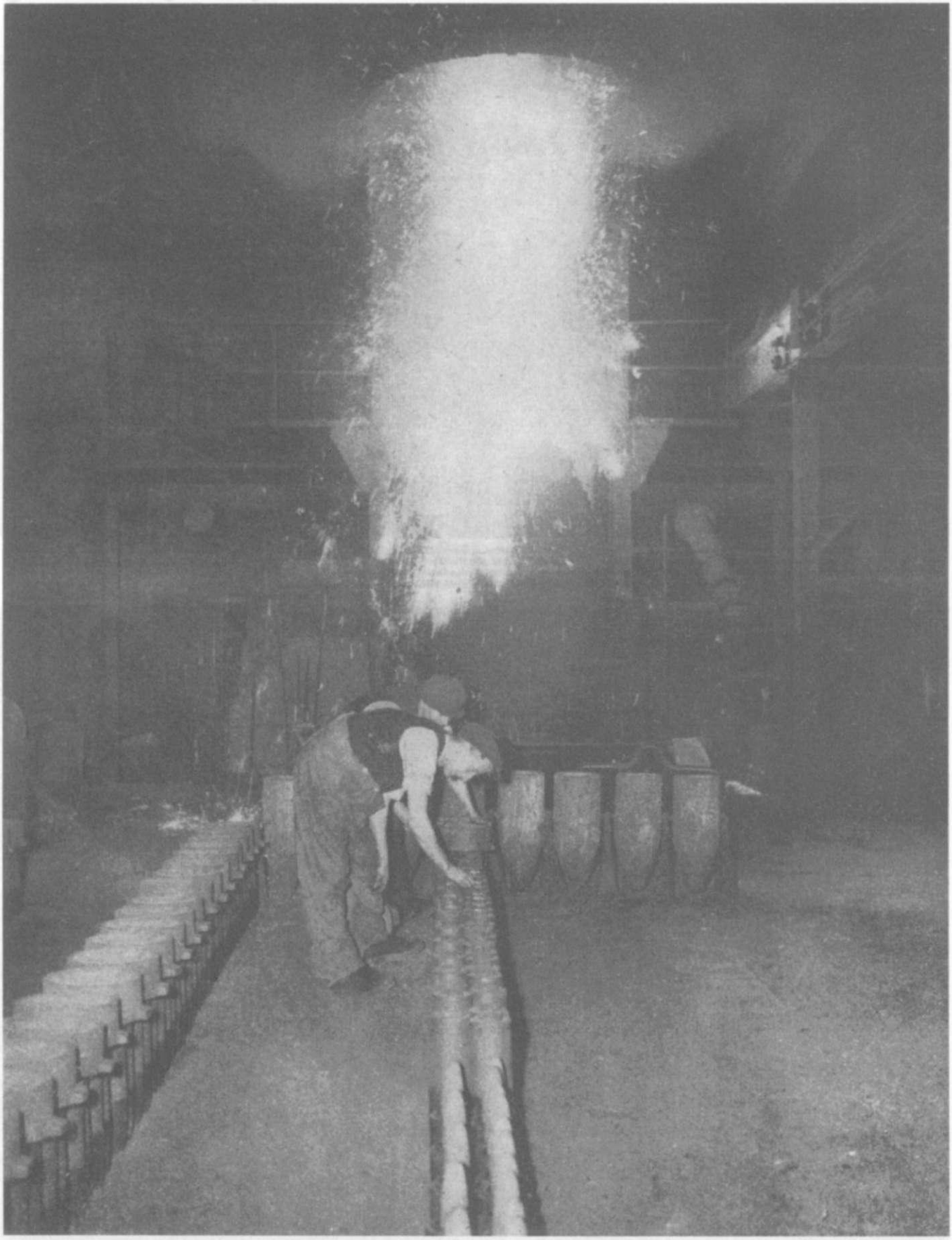
With the biggest guns, as with weapons, shells and ammunition of every kind, the aim of the ordnance factories is to produce something which will never let the soldier, sailor or airman down.



Destined for one of Britain's capital ships, this great 14-in. naval gun has just fired its first round—not on the sea, but in the proof butts of an ordnance factory somewhere in England. The proof shot is of solid steel weighing about two-thirds of a ton; at present it is buried in the sand at the far end of the range, but at the close of the day it will be dug out and used again. The man with the rod is retrieving portions of the proofing material. Before the Navy accepts delivery, these mighty guns are subjected to the most careful testing and examination.

Photo, Fox

Fiery Particles Streaming from War's Cauldron



Taken in the murk of one of Britain's great Royal Ordnance factories, this photograph shows, not, as might perhaps be supposed at a casual glance, an incendiary bomb blazing its way through the roof, but a great steel converter in which iron, by the addition of certain materials and the application of terrific heat, is converted into steel. Working all unconcerned beneath the shower of sparks, the men in the foreground are handling a new batch of bombs and shells.

Photo, Fox

Lord Gort Gets To Know His Men by Day and Night

Viscount Gort, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Field Force, has been frequently in the battle zone, not only to inspect the work going on there, but to become better acquainted with the officers and men of his Army. Above, he is watching men of a Highland regiment digging in and sandbagging the parapet of their trench. For the men with whom Viscount Gort comes in contact personally he has words of kindly encouragement, as he takes a personal interest in every detail of the Army's work.

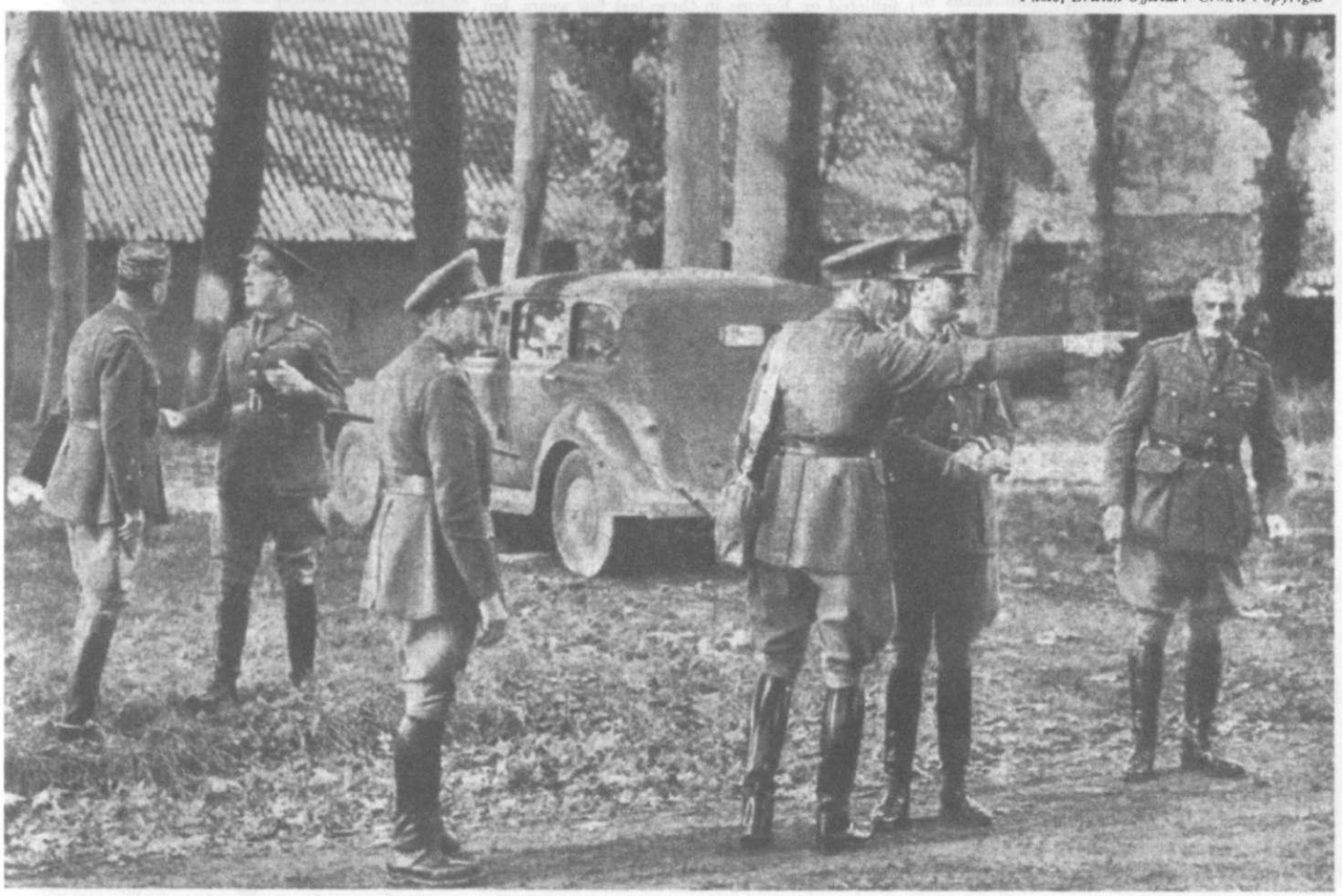
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

It is not only the work of the soldiers that Lord Gort is interested in, but he has also made their comfort and well-being his concern. He has recognized, too, their need for recreation, and was present at the first entertainment for soldiers given somewhere in France on November 12. In this photograph he is seen leaving a French farmhouse after inspecting the men's quarters. The front of the house is camouflaged with straw. An informal Guard of Honour salutes the C.-in-C. as he leaves. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

The Commander-in-Chief Watches Every Detail

The closest contact is maintained between the British and French High Commands. Relations between the Army chiefs have been most cordial, and there has been complete unanimity as to all plans. Above is a scene at the British headquarters during a visit by General Gamelin, the French Commander-in-Chief, to Lord Gort. General Gamelin is in conversation with Sir John Dill, commanding the British 1st Corps. Lord Gort is on the left. His large camouflaged car is a familiar sight to the troops.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright



Unlike most of the commanders in the last war, Lord Gort has had much experience as a fighting soldier in the front line. His intimate knowledge of the real thing is very much in evidence on his tours of inspection. Above we see him with the Duke of Gloucester, chief liaison officer of the British Army, in conversation with General Sir John Dill, commanding the 1st Corps; and in the centre Lieutenant-General Sir Alan Brooke, commanding the 2nd Corps.

Photo: Associated Press

WORDS THAT HISTORY WILL REMEMBER

A Select Record from Week to Week of Important War Declarations and Statements

(*Continued from page* 338)

Monday, November 6, 1939

M. MOLOTOV, Soviet Prime Minister, at a meeting of the Moscow Soviet in honour of the 22nd anniversary of the Bolshevist Revolution :

The Capitalist Powers, unable to find any other way out of their internal difficulties, have driven more than half the world's population into a murderous war, which they are trying to extend and spread over the whole world. . . .

Britain and France are doing everything to foster and prolong the war in order to exploit it for the strengthening of their domination of the world and their colonial empires. If they are successful, the number of neutral Powers is bound to decline and that of the belligerent Powers is bound to increase.

It is also well known that some Powers are only using the pretext of neutrality as a mask for shielding their attempts to foster the war, from which they expect to derive huge profits at the expense of the belligerent peoples, and their sufferings, sacrifices, and impoverishments.

Today we are facing the danger of the European war and the Asiatic war expanding into a world-wide conflict if nothing is done to prevent it. This is the point that the Capitalist world today has reached. . . .

The power and the authority of the Soviet Union are becoming more and more evident. The annexation of Eastern Poland has been one of the greatest successes of the Soviet Union's foreign policy. The Soviet Union will be proud of these successes and will remain faithful to the principles of its policy of peace and of proletarian internationalism.

Sins of the Capitalists

We must bear in mind that nine-tenths of the world's population are still living under Capitalism. Yet the Capitalist world has been forced to retrench itself and to retire. We, on the other hand, have added 13,000,000 to our population. . . .

The Capitalists and their Socialist assistants cannot be expected to renounce the war voluntarily. On the contrary, they must be expected to attempt the expansion of the European conflict into a world-wide slaughter. The Soviet Union with its desire to bring the war to an early end is opposed to this policy. . . .

The Capitalist world begins to realize that the Soviet Union is not what they wanted us to be. They wanted to see our country weak, yielding easily to pressure from abroad. The contrary is the case. The Soviet Union is strong, solidly built, and unshakable.

We know that our successful policy of peace is the best policy for the Soviet Union. We must continue this policy without any deviation. This is the will of the people of the Soviet Union, and in the twenty-third year of our revolution we shall continue along the road of Lenin which will lead us to the final victory—the victory of the Soviet regime.

Tuesday, November 7

QUEEN WILHELMINA and KING LEOPOLD in a joint appeal for Peace, issued in a communiqué by the Dutch Foreign Office :

At this hour of anxiety for the whole world before the war breaks out in Western Europe in all its violence, we have the conviction that it is our duty once again to raise our voice.

Some time ago the belligerent parties declared that they would not be unwilling to examine a reasonable and well-founded basis for an equitable peace.

It seems to us that in the present circumstances it is difficult for them to come into contact in order to state their standpoints with greater precision and to bring them nearer to one another.

If this were agreeable to them, we are disposed, by every means at our disposal that they might care to suggest to us, and in a spirit of friendly understanding, to facilitate the ascertaining of the elements of an agreement to be arrived at.

This, it seems to us, is the task we have to fulfil for the good of our people and in the interests of the whole world.

We hope that our offer will be accepted, and that thus a first step will be taken towards the establishment of a durable peace.

Tuesday, November 7

LORD HALIFAX, Foreign Secretary, in a broadcast :

. . . We are fighting in defence of freedom ; we are fighting for peace ; we are meeting a challenge to our own security and that of others ; we are defending the rights of all nations to live their own lives.

We are fighting against the substitution of brute force for law as the arbiter between nations, against the violation of the sanctity of treaties and disregard for the pledged word.

We have learned that there can be no opportunity for Europe to cultivate the arts of peace until Germany is brought to realize that recurrent acts of aggression will not be tolerated.

It must accordingly be our resolve not only to protect the future from the repetition of the same injuries that German aggression has inflicted on Europe in these last few years, but also so far as we can to repair the damage successively wrought by Germany upon her weaker neighbours.

The British are particularly reluctant to interfere in other peoples' business, provided always that other people do not seek to interfere in theirs.

But when the challenge in the sphere of international relations is sharpened, as today in Germany, by the denial to men and women of elementary human rights, that challenge is at once extended to something instinctive and profound in the universal conscience of mankind.

We are, therefore, fighting to maintain the rule of law and the quality of mercy in dealings between man and man, and in the great society of civilized states.

As I look back to those days in which we all walked in the dark valley of decision I can feel no doubt in my own conscience that only with supreme dishonour could we in fact have averted war.

Now supreme dishonour, as well as the supreme folly, lie with the aggressor. The supreme dishonour of the German Government is laid open to the world.

The Prime Minister has stated that we seek no vindictive peace, that we have no territorial ambitions for ourselves, and that we should feel the future to hold little hope unless the new peace settlement might be reached through the method of negotiation and agreement.

But we are determined, so far as it is humanly possible, to see to it that Europe shall not again be subjected to repetition of this tragedy.

The new world that we seek will enlist the co-operation of all peoples on a basis of human equality, self-respect and mutual tolerance.

We need not deny the limitations set to what physical force alone can do, but the recognition of this truth should never blind us to the fact that if, for fear of the tragedy of war, measured in human lives broken and destroyed, we rest inert before action which we hold evil, we are surely surrendering to annihilation the expression of spiritual values which have inspired and guided all human progress.

Wednesday, November 8

HITLER in a speech in the Buergerbraeu Beer Cellar, Munich :

. . . . It has been said that the British are not fighting the German people at all, but only the regime which speaks for the German people. It is Britain's task, they say, to liberate the German people from this regime and to make it happy. Britain is fighting to free the German people from militarism. . . .

For 300 years Britain has conquered people after people. Now she is satisfied ; now there must be peace.

Today a British Minister appears and says : "We would only be too glad to come to an agreement with Germany if only we could trust the words of the German Government."

I could say exactly the same myself. How gladly we would come to an understanding with Britain if only we could trust the word of her leaders. Has ever an enemy been deceived in a more infamous manner than the German people by British statesmen during the last twenty years ?

Our colonies were taken away, our trade was destroyed, our Navy was taken from us. Millions of Germans were torn from Germany and maltreated. The German people were plundered. Reparations were imposed upon them which could not have been paid in 100 years and which threw the German people into the deepest misery. Since then Germany has become a world Power, thanks to our movement. . . .

You know the efforts that I have made for many years to come to an understanding with Great Britain. We have renounced a great deal, but there is no Government which can renounce the right to live, and the National-Socialist Government naturally does not think of making such a renunciation.

It is my intention to safeguard the life and security of the German people. I have not the slightest intention of making such renunciation. Germany of today, at any rate, is ready and determined to defend and re-establish her frontiers and her *Lebensraum*.

Nazis' 'Fanatical Will Power'

We have built up an army of which there is no equal in the world, and this army is backed by a people of such compact unity as is unparalleled in history ; and above this army and this people there is a Government with fanatical will power similarly without precedent.

There is only war because the British wanted war. . . . At the bottom of this matter there is really nothing except their profound hatred of National-Socialist Germany. What they hate is the Germany which constitutes a bad example. They hate a *soziale* (communal) Germany. They hate the Germany of Social Welfare. They hate the Germany of the abolition of class distinction. They hate the Germany which has achieved all this. They hate the Germany which during the past seven years has made every effort to create for her nationals an adequate standard of living. They hate that Germany. They hate the Germany which provides her sailors with decent accommodation in ships. They hate it because they feel that their own people might be infected by it.

They hate the Germany of welfare for the younger generation. They hate the strong Germany which marches forward. They hate the Germany of the Four-Year Plan. . . . Their struggle is a struggle against a free and sound Germany, and our struggle is a struggle for the establishment of a sound and strong community of people and for the security of this community against the rest of the world. . . .

The Navy, Too, Fights in the Air

The first training of the gunners of fighting 'planes is given with a camera gun which registers on a photographic film the hits made by the gun.

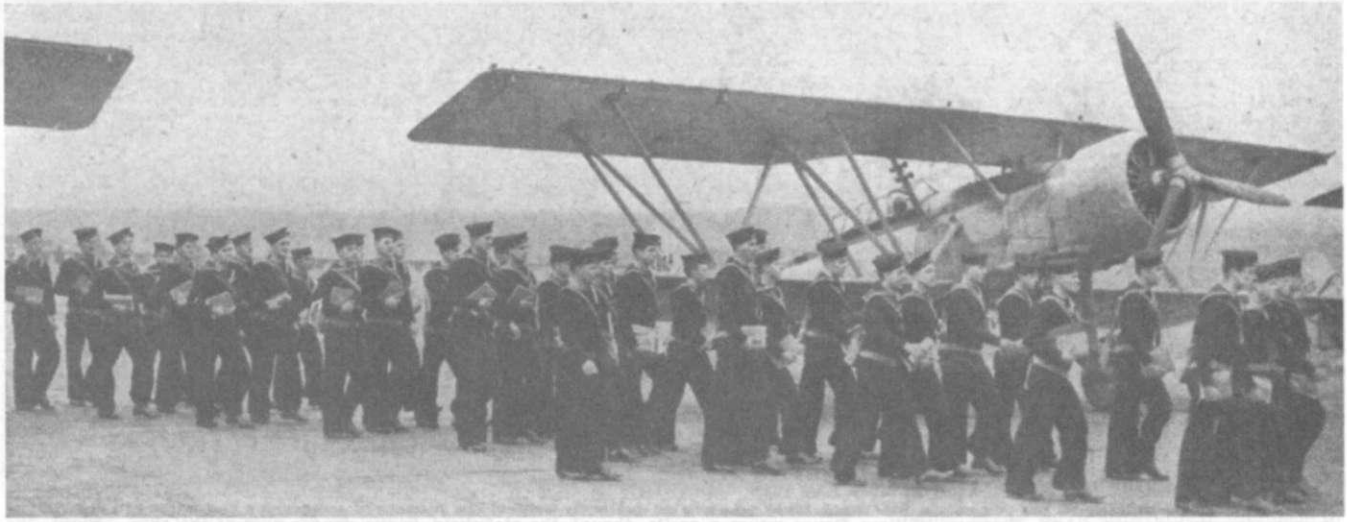
After the camera gun has enabled them to become fairly expert with photographic "shots," the recruits receive training on the butts and fire live ammunition through their guns instead of films.

In the Fleet Air Arm the wireless operator plays an important part; here is a naval rating under instruction.

DURING the greater part of the last war the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps were two distinct forces, but in 1918 they were combined as the Royal Air Force. The combination was not altogether successful, for when the naval machines were at sea, operating from aircraft-carriers or other warships, they were under naval command, and when they were on land they were under the Royal Air Force. The separation of the two forces gradually became inevitable, but it was not until 1937 that it was finally decided upon, and it was two years before it was completed. This change necessitated the appointment of a Fifth Sea Lord of the Admiralty as chief of the air branch, which is known as the Fleet Air Arm. The uniforms are those general in the Royal Navy, but officers are distinguished by the letter A in the curl of their sleeve stripes.

Photos, Planet News, Fox, Photopress and G.P.U.

This wireless rating is making his notes after one of his first flights. The operator wears the same equipment as the pilot.



Recruits for the Fleet Air Arm, each carrying his notebook, are here moving off for their daily course. They are being trained at a station officially named H.M.S. "Kestrel"—alleged by the Nazi wireless to have been sunk!—for all the training stations of the Fleet Air Arm, like those for sailors undergoing other special courses, are "His Majesty's Ships," though they may actually be islands or even land aerodromes. The aeroplane, a Blackburn Shark, is one of those on which they may later receive even more practical instruction.

One More Convoy Safe Home in Port

Sometime in November a party of British journalists were enabled to see for themselves what life in a convoy is really like. Here is an impression of a convoy's progress through North Sea waters.

The lookout man on every ship of a convoy scans the sea for any sign of hostile craft.

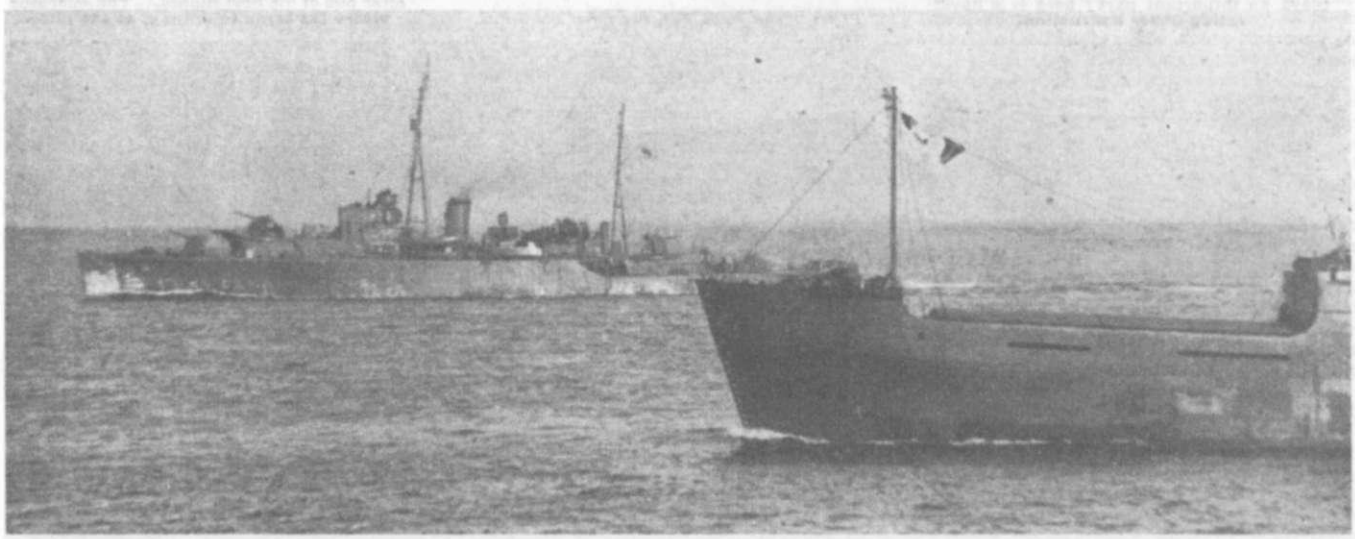
"FALL in and follow me" has become a very popular game in British waters since the war began. What with minefields and drifting or ruthlessly sown mines, submarines, and raiding 'planes, the lot of the ship which prefers to be a Garbo is far from enviable. Nowadays there is safety in numbers, particularly when those numbers are guarded and convoyed by ships of the Royal Navy.

At many places off the British coasts you may see the strangely assorted armadas assemble. There are big liners which up to a few months ago were the paradise of the holiday "cruisers"; there are rusty oil tankers, ugly tramps battered by all the seven seas for many a long year, even a sprinkling of grimy colliers. In peacetime they would hardly be on speaking terms, but silly ideas about superiority are soon washed overboard in time of war.

When all the ships of the convoy have arrived at their trysting-place their captains are signalled ashore to hold conference with the naval officers who are to be responsible for the convoy's safety. Charts are studied and carefully explained, and orders are given; there is not, in fact, much to say beyond impressing on the captains the absolute necessity of maintaining the order in which their ships are placed in the convoy, i.e. to keep station, and not to alter course except at the order of the commodore of the convoy. He is chosen by the masters of the ships themselves; he may be the captain of a big liner or the master of a humble tramp. In his selection only one thing matters—his experience of convoy work.

Now all is quiet until at the pre-arranged signal the ships up-anchor. With a little manoeuvring that secures their correct position in the line, the ships steam away from their harbourage. As yet, probably, no British warship is to be seen; the nearness of the ships to the coast is protection enough.

When night has fallen, however, signals



Types of the fine seamen of his Majesty's Merchant Navy who are so gallantly defying the menace of submarine and mine are seen in the two centre photographs. Left, Fireman William Bruce wears a smile, though the stokehold is the danger spot of the ship. Right, the Captain and the First Officer of a merchant ship are studying the sealed sailing orders that are issued to all ships at the port at which a convoy assembles. Immediately above an escorting warship is passing the bluff bows of a small steamer in the convoy.

Photos, G.P.U.

Though the Sun Goes Down the Convoy is Unafraid

When the sun sets on a convoy the ships draw near together between the lines of escorting warships on which the duty of protecting them from lurking enemies depends. This convoy of 24 ships in the North Sea is closing in at the end of day. In the stern of the ship in the foreground can be seen the twin Lewis gun mounted against air attack. A number of the ships of the convoy are in ballast, and as without cargoes they draw less water they are not such an easy target for U-boats. *Photo, G.P.U.*

flash to port and starboard, and an occasional sinister shape moving swiftly past in the gloom, indicate that the British Navy is on the job. Destroyers, cruisers, escort vessels of one kind and another, they keep in close touch with their charge. When dawn breaks they are still there, and the men on the exposed decks of the cargo ships feel freshly confident as they exchange greetings with the cheery sailors.

Never do the escort ships lose sight of their convoy. Occasionally a destroyer dashes into the mist, and then perchance there comes the dull boom of a depth charge dropped where a daring submarine was believed to lurk. Occasionally, too, the escorting fleet have drawn about the convoy like a hen covering her chickens under her wing, and from their many guns they have shown the enemy raiders that in modern war there is nothing more dangerous than to attack a convoy under the Navy's shepherding.

So the days and nights go by, and in due course, well on time, the convoy comes within hail of its destination. Then the Navy vessels exchange a last greeting and forge away across the water ready to take on their next job of convoy work.

Just how splendidly efficient is their work may be gathered from the statement made by Sir John Gilmour, Minister of Shipping, in the House of Commons on November 14. "There have been," he said, "3,070 ships convoyed, and only seven out of that number have been lost. That is a striking example of the co-operation between the Navy and the Mercantile Marine."

Moreover, said Sir John, the convoy system would be greatly improved and speeded up by separate treatment of slow ships as more escort vessels could be furnished, and arrangements are already being made for a substantial increase in the number of convoys. So Britain's life-line is, and will remain, unbroken.

'THE GERMAN MENACE WILL BE BROKEN'

Broadcasting on Sunday evening, November 12, Mr. Winston Churchill reviewed the profits and losses of the first ten weeks of war. Listeners must have felt encouraged by his forthright manner and clear-sighted estimate of the situation.

"I THOUGHT," said Mr. Churchill, "it would be a good thing for me to tell you tonight how well the war has turned for the Allies during the first ten weeks. It is quite plain that the power of the British Empire and the French Republic to restore and revive the life of the Polish, Czech and Slovak people as well as to do a few other things which I will mention later, has been growing every day." Then he proceeded:

Peaceful parliamentary countries, which aim at freedom for the individual and abundance for the mass, start with a heavy handicap against a dictatorship whose sole theme has been war, the preparation for war, and the grinding up of everything and everybody into their military machine.

In our island, particularly, we are very easy-going in time of peace. We should like to share the blessings of peace with every nation, and to go on enjoying them ourselves. It is only after many vain attempts to remain at peace that we have been at last forced to go to war. We tried again and again to prevent this war, and for the sake of peace we put up with a lot of things happening which ought not to have happened.

But now we are at war, and we are going to make war, and persevere in making war, until the other side have had enough of it. We are going to persevere as far as we can to the best of our ability, which is not small and always growing. You know I have not always agreed with Mr. Chamberlain, though we have always been personal friends; but he is a man of very tough fibre, and I can tell you that he is going to fight as obstinately for victory as he did for peace. Can I say more?

You may take it absolutely for certain that either all that Britain and France stand for in the modern world will go down or that Hitler, the Nazi regime, and the recurring German or Prussian menace to Europe will be broken and destroyed. That is the way the matter lies and everybody had better make up their minds to that solid, sombre fact.

Nowadays we are assailed by a chorus of horrid threats. The Nazi Government exudes them through every neutral State. They give inside information of **the frightful vengeance they are going to wreak upon us, and they also bawl it around the world by their leather-lunged propaganda machine. If words could kill we should be dead already.**

BUT we are not disturbed by these blood-curdling threats. Indeed, we take them as a sign of weakness in our foes. We do not make threats in time of war. If at any time we should have some ideas of an offensive character we should not talk about them; we should try to see how they worked out in action.

We do not at all underrate the power and malignity of our enemies. We are prepared to endure tribulation. But we made up our minds about all this ten weeks ago and everything that has happened since has made us feel that we were right then and are still right now.

No one in the British Isles supposed this was going to be a short or easy war. Nothing has ever impressed me so much as the calm, steady, businesslike resolution with which the masses of our wage-earning folk and ordinary people in our great cities faced what they imagined would be a fearful storm about to fall on them and their families at the very first moment. They all prepared themselves to have the worst happen to them at once, and they braced themselves for the ordeal. They did not see what else there was to do.

We have been agreeably surprised that ten weeks have been allotted to us, so far, to get into fighting trim. We are in a very different position from what we were ten weeks ago; we are far stronger than we were ten weeks ago: we are far better prepared to endure the worst malice of Hitler and his Huns than we were at the beginning of September.

Our Navy is stronger. Our anti-U-boat forces are three times as numerous. Our Air Force is much stronger. Our Army is growing in numbers and improving in training every day. Our Air Raid Precautions are very different from what they were at the outbreak of war.

The attack of the U-boats has been controlled and they have paid a heavy toll. Nearly all the German ocean-going ships are hiding and rusting in neutral harbours, while our world-wide trade steadily proceeds in 4,000 vessels, of which 2,500 are constantly at sea.

The superior quality of our Air Force has been proved both in pilots and machines over the enemy. Our aircraft have shot down 15 German oversea raiders without losing one machine in the combats. Now the mists and storms of winter wrap our island and make continuous bombing attack of military objectives far more difficult. . . .

'Time is On Our Side'

I DO not doubt myself that time is on our side. I go so far as to say that if we come through the winter without any large or important event occurring **we shall, in fact, have gained the first campaign of the war,** and we shall be able to set about our task in the spring far stronger, better organized and better armed than ever before.

Let us, therefore, bear discomfort and many minor—and even, perhaps, needless—vexations with patience—with understanding patience—because we are all the time moving forward towards greater war strength, and because Nazi Germany is all the time under the grip of our economic warfare falling back in oil and other essential war supplies.

It may be, of course, that at any time violent and dire events will open. If so, we shall confront them with fortitude. If not, we shall profit to the full by the time at our disposal. As you may have noticed, General Goering—I beg pardon, Field-Marshal Goering—who is one of the few Germans who have been having a pretty good time for the last few years—says that we have been spared so far because Nazi Germany is so humane.

They cannot bear to do anything to hurt anybody. **All they ask for is the right to live and to be let alone to conquer and kill the weak. Their humanity forbids them to apply severities to the strong.**

Well, it may be true, but when we remember the bestial atrocities they have committed in Poland we do not feel we wish to ask for any favours to be shown to us. We shall do our duty as long as we have life and strength.

A long succession of important events has moved in our favour since the beginning of the war. Italy, which we feared would be drawn from her historic partnership with Britain and France in the Mediterranean—a partnership which will become increasingly fruitful—has adopted a wise policy of peace.

'Twin Contortionists'

NO quarrel has developed between us and Japan. These two great Powers, which had joined Nazi Germany in the Anti-Comintern Pact, find it difficult to accommodate themselves to the change of front towards Bolshevism which Herr Hitler and his bad adviser, Herr von Ribbentrop, both marvellous twin contortionists, have perpetrated.

No one can underrate the importance of the Treaty of Alliance between Britain and France with Turkey.

The Russian Soviet Government, embodied in the formidable figure of Stalin, has barred off once and for ever, all Nazi dreams of an advance in the East. **The left paw of the bear bars Germany from the Black Sea; the right paw disputes with her the control of the Baltic.**

Whatever history may record about these events, the fact with which we have to reckon is perfectly plain. Nazi Germany is barred off from the East, and has to conquer the British Empire and the French Republic or perish in the attempt.

The close co-operation between the French and British Navies was emphasized when Mr. Winston Churchill arrived in Paris on November 2 to discuss Allied Naval dispositions. He is here seen in Paris with Admiral Darlan inspecting a Guard of Honour. Mr. Churchill's subsequent visit to Lord Gort at British G.H.Q. in France is shown opposite.

Photo, Keystone

So now these boastful and bullying Nazi personages are looking with hungry eyes for some small countries in the West which they can trample down and loot, as they have trampled down and looted Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. Now they turn their fierce, but also, as it seems, hesitating glare upon the ancient civilized and unoffending Dutch and Belgian nations.

They have not chosen to molest the British Fleet, which has awaited their attack in the Firth of Forth during the last week; they recoil from the steel front of the French Army along the Maginot Line; but their docile conscripts are being crowded in vast numbers upon the frontiers of Holland and Belgium.

A Grave Situation Despite Guarantees

To both these States the Nazis have given the most recent and solemn guarantees. That explains why the anxiety of these countries is so great. No one believes one word Herr Hitler and the Nazi party say, and therefore we must regard that situation as grave.

I shall not attempt to prophesy—that is always dangerous—whether the frenzy of a cornered maniac will drive Herr Hitler into the worst of all his crimes; but this I will say without a doubt, that the fate of Holland and Belgium, like that of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Austria, will be decided by the victory of the British Empire and the French Republic.

If we are conquered all will be enslaved, and the United States will be left single-handed to guard the rights of man. If we are not destroyed all these countries will be rescued, and after being rescued will be restored to life and freedom.

It is indeed a solemn moment when I speak to you on this tenth Sunday after the outbreak of war. Solemn; but it is also a moment sustained by resolve and hope. I am in the singular position of having lived through the early months of the last German war upon Europe in the same position, in charge of the British Admiralty, as I am now. I am therefore very careful not to say anything of an over-confident or unduly sanguine nature.

I am sure we have very rough weather ahead, but I have this feeling that the Germany which assaults us all today is a far less strongly-built and solidly-founded organism than that which the Allies and the United States forced to beg for armistice 21 years ago.

I have the sensation and also the conviction, that that evil man over there and his cluster of confederates are not sure of themselves, as we are sure of ourselves, that they are harassed in their guilty souls by the thought and by the fear of an ever-approaching retribution for their crimes, and for the orgy of destruction in which they have plunged us all.

As they look out tonight from their blatant, clattering, panoplied Nazi Germany, they cannot find one single friendly eye in the whole circumference of the globe. Not one.

Russia returns them a flinty glare; Italy averts her gaze; Japan is puzzled and thinks herself betrayed.

Turkey and the whole of Islam have ranged themselves instinctively but decisively on the side of progress.

The hundreds of millions of people in India and in China, whatever their other feelings, would regard with undisguised dread a Nazi triumph, well knowing what their fate would soon be.

The World Against Hitler

The great English-speaking Republic across the Atlantic Ocean makes no secret of its sympathies or of its self-questionings, and it translates these sentiments into action of a character which anyone may judge for himself.

The whole world is against Hitler and Hitlerism. Men of every race and clime feel that this monstrous apparition stands between them and the forward move which is their due, and for which the age and time are ripe.

Even in Germany itself there are millions who stand aloof from the seething mass of criminality and corruption constituted by the Nazi party machine. Let them, then, take courage amid perplexities and perils, for it may well be that the final extinction of a baleful domination will pave the way to a broader solidarity of all the men in all the lands than we ever could have planned, if we had not marched together through the fire.

As is natural in a descendant of that great British general who became the first Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Winston Churchill was in his early days a keen and proficient soldier, while among the many offices he has held is that of Secretary of State for War from 1918 to 1921. He naturally took advantage of his visit to the French Admiralty in Paris to go on to the British Army headquarters in France. In an ornate room of an old French château, where the British Commander-in-Chief lives and works, Mr. Churchill, in a characteristic position, with a cigar in his hand, discusses the military situation with Lord Gort, on whose right Lieut.-General Pownall, the Commander-in-Chief's Chief of Staff, listens to the conversation, while he meditatively fills his pipe.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

ODD FACTS ABOUT THE WAR

Worth Noting Today and Re-reading in Years to Come

Safe Deposit for Radium

Westminster Hospital's store of radium is valued at nearly £40,000. In the event of an air raid it will be deposited inside a steel tube, 15 inches in diameter and 50 feet in length, which has been sunk into the Thames gravel beneath the hospital.

"Faithful Ally"

The Air Council is to allocate the gift of £100,000 from the Nizam of Hyderabad towards the cost of a new fighter squadron to be known as the "Hyderabad Squadron," with the motto "Faithful Ally" on its crest.

Cameras in the Firing Line

A number of German war correspondents and cine-photographers have been awarded the Iron Cross. During the Polish campaign they were allowed to take part in fighting and air raids, and news reels now exhibited in Germany show the bombardment of Warsaw from very close quarters, and an attack on Polish machine-guns filmed from the inside of a tank.

"Col. Bramble" Resurrected

André Maurois, official French correspondent with the British Army, is to resume in "Figaro" the adventures of this famous hero of the Great War. Colonel Bramble has now reached the rank of general, and has a grandson in the R.A.F.

Mustn't Tell the Truth

The German newspaper "Schwarze Korps" has been suspended because it published an article dealing with the effectiveness of the Allied blockade of Germany.

From a Former Enemy

Among the many pairs of binoculars sent to the "Daily Telegraph" office, in response to the War Office appeal, was a telescope of German manufacture and ownership. The donor, a refugee living in Britain, enclosed a note which said: "This glass has been used by a former German officer who fought for a country which was not worth fighting for."

British Preferred

United States shipping lines, advertising vacancies for personnel in certain vessels sailing between the British Isles, France, and the U.S.A., specified that applicants should be of British nationality.

When the Ban was Lifted

The first consignment of war materials to leave the U.S.A. for England after the repeal of the arms embargo consisted of equipment for Imperial Airways, part of an order for 56 aeroplane engines and accessories.

Turncoats Entertained

On November 7, Field-Marshal Goering and Herr von Ribbentrop were guests of honour at a reception given by the Soviet Ambassador in Berlin to celebrate the 22nd anniversary of the Bolshevist Revolution.

Orange for Peace

Neutral aeroplanes are to be painted orange. This arrangement was made between Dutch, Belgian, Danish and Swedish air lines, and approved by the belligerent countries.

The Stripe that Failed

The scheme for preserving the New Forest ponies by marking them with zebra-like stripes has proved useless owing to the reduced lighting on vehicles. Moreover, the foals were frightened of their mothers, and fled. So the ponies have either been moved to enclosed pastures or sold.

International Gratitude

The Royal Lifeboat Institution, which has rendered such good service round our coasts to the crews of ships sunk by enemy action, has received expressions of thanks from Dutch, French and Greek shipping companies.

Mutton on the Way

The inhabitants of Jansenville and district, Cape Province, South Africa, have offered 1,000 head of sheep as a war gift to this country. The Minister of Food has gratefully accepted, subject to suitable shipping facilities being available.

Biggest Joke so Far

Britain has listened with amusement to German broadcasters "sinking" her battleships one by one, but the greatest laugh of the war was caused by the solemn announcement, early in November, that H.M.S. "Kestrel" had been sunk. "Kestrel" is the official name of the Fleet Air Arm establishment at Worthing Down, Hants!

One-Seventh

The same day that British householders were officially told that they might burn the same amount of fuel as they did last year, the Mayor of Berlin announced that during November German households and small businesses would be permitted only one-seventh of the fuel they purchased in the same period in 1938.

LEBENSRAUM!

From the Cartoon by Armstrong. By permission of the Proprietors of the Melbourne "Argus"

New Air Service

Hardy and enterprising are the men of the North. The beginning of winter in wartime has been chosen as the appropriate moment to inaugurate an air service, which operates once a week in both directions, between Finland and Scotland.

Bargains in Old Masters

So short is Germany of foreign currency that she is prepared to sell a number of Old Masters from her galleries in order to obtain it. They are going cheap, but in the purchase agreement there is a proviso that they may be bought back again at a 20 per cent increase after Germany has won the war.

Marriage at a Distance

By a special decree, a German soldier and his sweetheart may be declared married, provided that the former gives written notice, through his battalion commander, to the registrar at the bride's home town. The bride goes to the register office and gives a similar notice of her intention. This concludes the ceremony.

Oldest Colony Ever Loyal

Newfoundland, Britain's first colony, is recruiting 1,275 men to form a unit for service overseas. As soon as enlistment is complete the unit will proceed to Britain for military training.

Poppies at the Front

On Armistice Day poppies were distributed to British troops behind the lines as well as to those in advanced posts. Tank guns were hung with poppies. Every one of the British cemeteries in France received poppies. Homage was paid by the R.A.F. to British and French lying side by side. While groups of 'planes dipped in salute, a fighter flew over this cemetery and dropped there a wreath of Flanders poppies and French cornflowers.

Watch-Pigs

Pigs are being used in No-Man's-Land to give warning by their squeals of alarm of the approach of enemy patrols.

Dogs on Service

At the annual military parade in Moscow in honour of the foundation of the Soviet Republic there was a battalion of military cyclists each with a dog running at the wheel. Dogs may not be exported from Russia unless certified to be unfit for military service.

Rooms With a View

In South Queensferry, overlooking the Forth, landladies have obtained premiums for rooms which are taken at week-ends in the hope of seeing further air-raids.

Thanks to the Fuehrer

Vienna's housewives are courageous women. Some of them have paraded the streets with empty shopping baskets on which they have pinned notices which read: "We thank our Fuehrer."

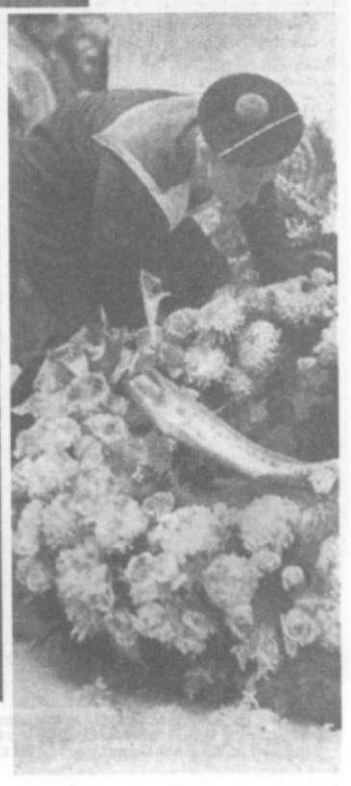
Bonds of Steel

German wives are being encouraged to relinquish their gold wedding rings and replace them by rings of steel. "These," states a German broadcaster, "have a fine and noble effect."

The First Anniversary in the Second Great War

The Cenotaph in Whitehall was unveiled by King George V on November 11, 1920, and after the ceremony the burial of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey took place. Each year since then there has been a religious ceremony, and wreaths have been laid on the memorial by the King or a member of the Royal Family, and by representatives of the Dominions and ex-servicemen's societies. On the first anniversary of the Armistice of 1918 to be celebrated during the present war there was no set ceremonial, but the men who gave their lives between 1914 and 1918 were not forgotten.

In this page are scenes at the Cenotaph in 1939. Wreaths were laid at intervals, the first being that of the King and Queen. Top, left, Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, lays the tribute of the senior service at the foot of the memorial. Top, centre, General Sir Edmund Ironside, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, offers the Army's tribute; and right, Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall deposits that of the Royal Air Force. Below, left, a representative of the Polish Military Mission is laying a wreath, while bottom, right, a French matelot pays tribute in the name of France.



Officially, there was no two minutes' silence, but on the first stroke of eleven traffic came to a voluntary standstill and passers-by stood bareheaded till two minutes had elapsed.

Photos, Central Press and Planet News

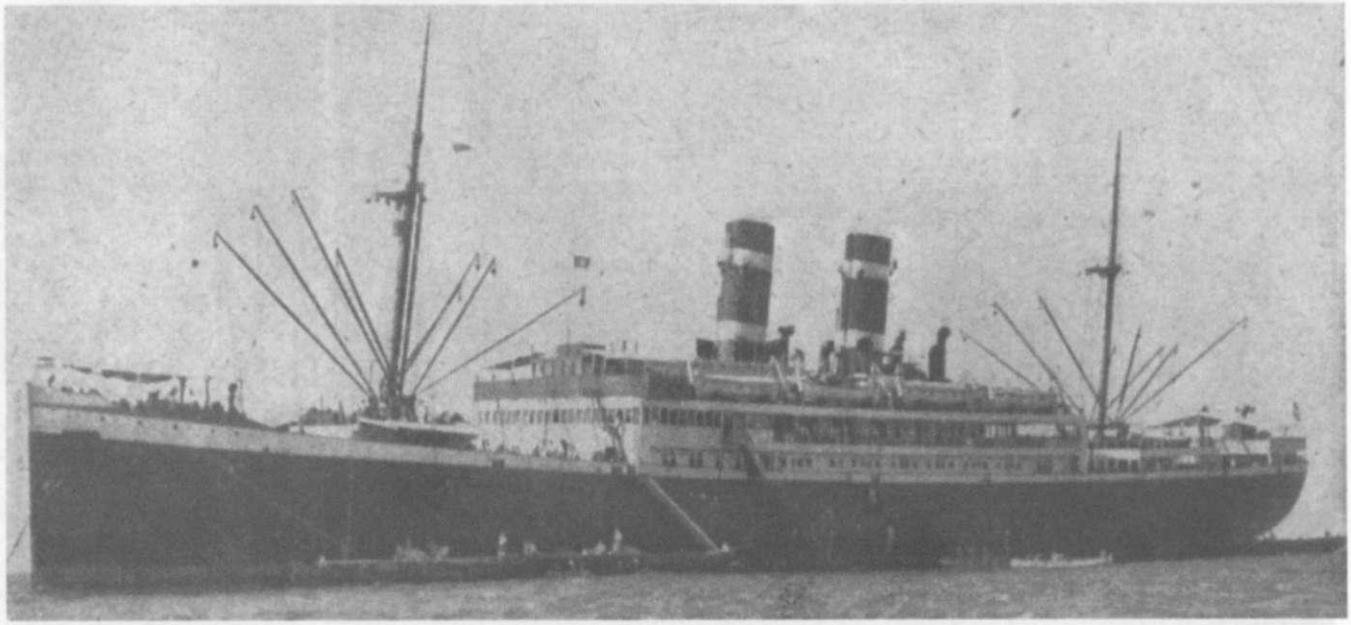
Yet Another Sea Crime in the Nazi Score

Cristina Wensvoort, left, is seen in a London hospital after her rescue. Her hair is still matted with the ship's oil. Right, one of the lifeboats that stood by all night is returning to port.

Those not needing treatment were taken to London hotels, outside one of which Joan Tresteill is standing.

THE sinking of the Dutch liner "Simon Bolivar" in the North Sea on November 18 with heavy loss of life, was described by the Admiralty as being "a further example of the total disregard of international law and the dictates of humanity shown by the present German Government." With astonishing effrontery and an almost insane belief in the credulity of neutral nations, the Nazis endeavoured to clear themselves of the guilt for this piratical crime by stating the ship must have been sunk by a British mine. That mines were strewn widely about the open seas by the Nazis is proved by the fact that by midday on November 20 it was announced that seven ships had been destroyed by mines and two others damaged.

At an East Coast port many pathetic scenes were observed. Here a survivor carries a small baby who has not been claimed.



The "Simon Bolivar," which was sunk 18 miles from the English coast by a German mine (probably laid by a submarine minelayer), was a liner of 8,309 tons. She was outward bound from Holland to the West Indies and had on board about 400 persons, of whom 140 were landed at an East Coast port. Of the eighty British subjects among the passengers a number were included in the list of over a hundred missing.
Photo, G.P.U., Planet News

Eye Witness Stories of Episodes and Adventures in the Second Great War

The Fuehrer Had Just Left Us When . . .

Early in the morning of Friday, November 10, a few hours after the explosion in the Buergerbrau keller at Munich, what purported to be an eye-witness account of the incident was broadcast from all the German wireless stations.

OPENING his broadcast, the announcer declared that the microphone was standing inside the shattered beer-cellar, on the very spot where Hitler had stood to make his speech twenty minutes before the "infernal machine" went off.

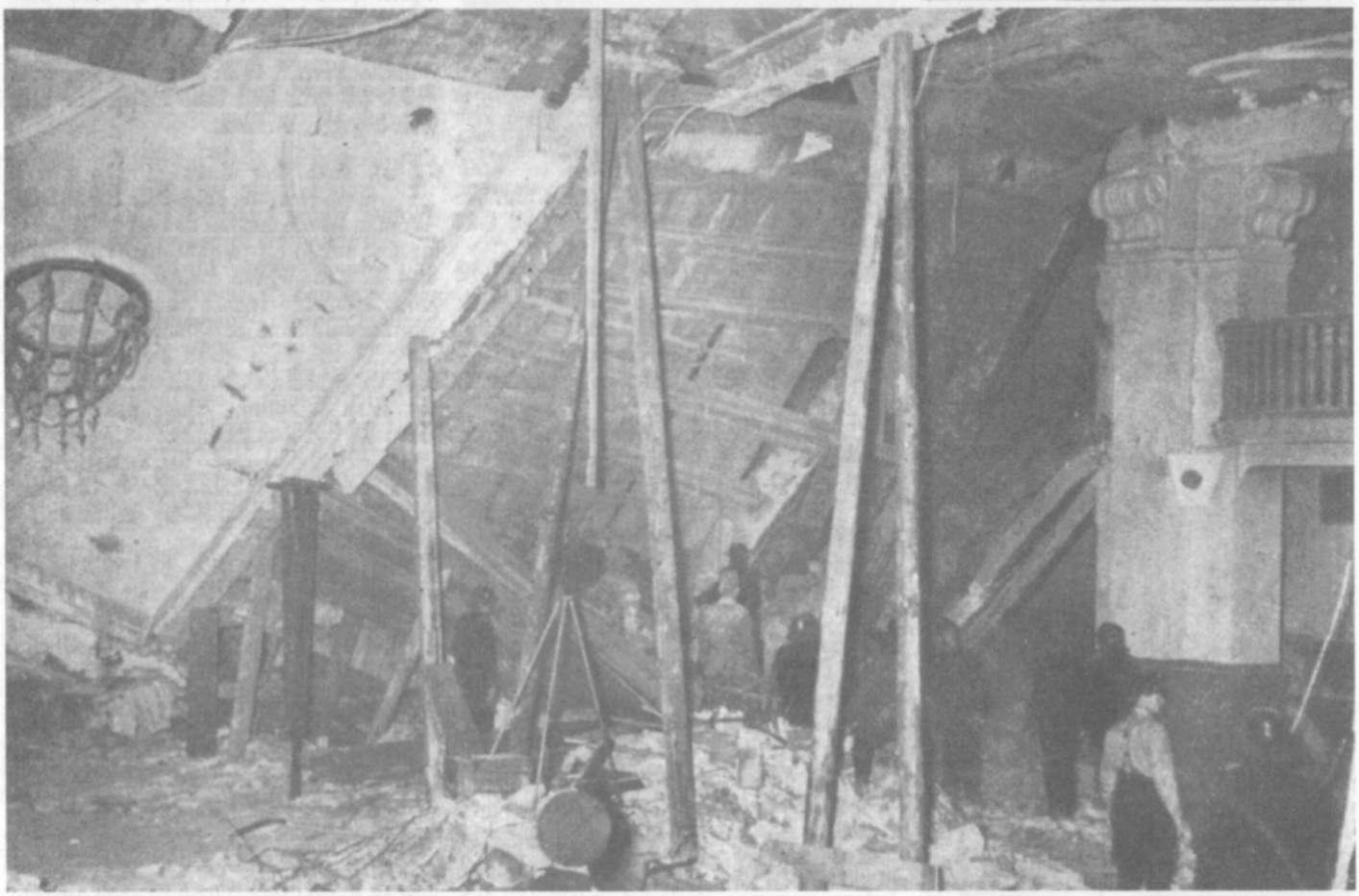
The speaker was said to be a "member of the Nazi Old Guard" who had been present at the reunion.

"About 100 of the Old Guard," he said, "were in the room, and I myself was about a yard away from the door. Suddenly there was a flash overhead and a sudden pressure pushed me out of the door. Almost immediately afterwards came a thundering sound, and then everything was over before we could think what had happened.

"The air was so full of dust we could neither see nor breathe. We held our handkerchiefs over our mouths and got into fresh air. When the dust settled, we went back and found that the ceiling had fallen in.

"There were about 50 of the Old Guard in the hall uninjured and we set about rescue work. It was dangerous work because at any moment more of the ceiling might have fallen in. We worked for some time getting out injured and dead."

He then explained that the explosion was definitely overhead because he had seen a flash come from a spot in the gallery close to the pillar. The charge, he said, must have been in the floor near the pillar or underneath the walls close by.



Here is evidence of the extraordinary force of the explosion that wrecked the Buergerbrau, or beer hall, in Munich just after Hitler left, as explained in page 351. The building was a substantial one, but the roof and ceiling almost entirely collapsed. Those parts which did not fall to the floor were hastily propped up with timber, while the search for the bodies buried beneath the debris was carried out. In the upper photograph firemen and men of the Gestapo are searching the ruins for bodies.

Photos, Wide World

WAS THERE!

We Saw the Jewish Pogrom in Germany

Among the reports in the White Paper concerning the treatment of Jews in Germany (see page 312) was one from Mr. R. T. Smallbones, formerly H.M. Consul-General in Frankfort-on-Main. Mr. Smallbones and his daughter, who witnessed the terrible effects of the pogrom of November, 1938, told the following story to Mr. E. P. Montgomery of the "News Chronicle."

Mr. R. T. Smallbones, who tells in this page the story of the pogrom of November, 1938, has been in the Consular Service since 1910.

Photo, "News Chronicle"

DURING the first weeks of the terror, said Mr. Smallbones, we gave sanctuary in the Consulate to hundreds of people who would have been safe nowhere else. Men and women who did not dare to show their faces in the light would hide in the woods by day and creep into the Consulate at night for food and shelter.

They slept in the hall, in the dining-room, in the kitchen, on the stairs. My wife and daughter, my staff of 11, even my servants, turned to and helped to give them what food and comfort we could.

Some of us who had seen the sufferings of the people in Germany persuaded the British Government to allow us to grant "transmigration visas," which would enable refugees to get out of Germany quickly and to stay two years in the United Kingdom while awaiting an opportunity to emigrate to the United States and other countries.

This was provided their maintenance was guaranteed by friends, relatives or charitable organizations.

I worked closely with my American colleague in Stuttgart, and as soon as the formalities for immigration into the United States were complete I would issue a "Letter of Promise," which gave the refugee a promise of a British visa when he could obtain his German passport.

These "Letters of Promise" were regarded almost as talismans, for with them the relatives of men in the concentration camps could obtain their release, and possession of them made the holders safe against further molestation by the police and the S.S.

During the worst of the terror we were besieged with applicants for the letters, often trying to deal with as many as 800 to 1,000 a day.

People would begin to gather in the Consulate garden long before dawn, and by 9 o'clock, when we opened the doors, there would be hundreds waiting.

Miss Turnbull, a 23-year-old English teacher who had come in to help, would stand on a table in the hall to deal with the first rush.

We instituted a system of numbered metal disks, which Miss Turnbull handed out in order to save people from standing drearily in a queue for hours. Each one knew his turn and could go away and come back when his time drew near.

One day she had to hand out a number to her own fiancé, a German who was trying to get out.

In the main, the people who came to us were mostly women with husbands, sons or brothers in the concentration camps. Some had to bring their children with them, not daring to leave them alone at home.

All of us had to work long hours to keep abreast of the rush. In addition to the hundreds of interviews daily we had to deal with 200 or 300 applications a day by post.

"My own record, I think, was four days at my desk with six and a half hours' sleep. And the others on my staff worked just as hard, or harder.

All through November, December and January the persecutions—and our work—went on. Then things became a little easier, because the German-Jewish Aid Committee took over some of the work of investigation into means of subsistence and ultimate destination.

Even so, we continued right up to noon on September 1, forty-eight hours before war was declared, with our job of trying to give those frightened, distressed and suffering people our help. If I may say so—England's help.

Miss Irene Smallbones, who worked with her father to alleviate the sufferings of the Jews, is the only daughter of Mr. Smallbones.

Photo, "News Chronicle"

For weeks Mr. Smallbones' wife and daughter helped in the work, calming the fears of hysterical refugees and serving them with coffee, soup and bread when they came pleading for sanctuary in the Consulate.

They turned their sitting-room, drawing-room and hall into offices for interviewing the victims.

THE first few days of the pogrom were terrible, said Miss Smallbones. Women whose husbands had been beaten up and taken off to concentration camps, and women whose husbands had committed suicide rather than be arrested, came clamouring for shelter.

Some of them were frantic in their despair—their faces unrecognizably swollen with weeping. Their gratitude for what we did was pathetic.

They offered us little articles of jewellery and trinkets—which, of course, we could not accept—in expression of their thanks.

One old man who had maintained stoical calm broke down and wept when we gave him coffee and bread.

There was one awful scene when a woman in the Consulate saw her husband, who was waiting outside, seized and manhandled by a band of Nazi hooligans.

Miss Smallbones emphasized that the masses of the ordinary German people had no sympathy with and took no part in the pogrom.

"Nazi hooligans alone were responsible," she said.

"More than one German apologized to me for what was happening, using such phrases as 'I am ashamed to be a German when I see such things happening.'"

I WAS THERE!

We Tried to Save Our Mined Destroyer

On November 14 it was learnt that a British destroyer had struck a German mine, probably laid by a submarine. Although every effort was made to save the ship she sank. The gallant behaviour of the crew is described in the following eye-witness stories from the "Daily Mirror" and the "Star."

AFTER a vain struggle to save their ship, most of the crew were picked up by passing craft. Able-Seaman Hoyle, of Craven Park, N.W., one of the rescued men, told this graphic story:

"I was on deck. A terrific explosion shook the ship. I saw a man blown right past me over the side of the ship into the water. At the same moment the mast snapped and crashed down.

"As a lifeboat was lowered to rescue the man the ship was already listing badly. Our first thought was for the men trapped below near the explosion.

"We forced our way through the wreckage to rescue them. The cook in the galley was badly injured, and an officer who was having a bath was bleeding badly.

"There was no panic. The injured men were brought up and laid on the deck while we tended to their injuries. The man who was blown overboard had been safely picked up, though he was hurt by the blast of the explosion.

"We were sinking by the stern, but there was no order to abandon ship. Every man was eager to save her. They worked hard shoring up the bulkheads and manning the pumps. By this time the quarter deck was awash.

"Some of the men were so badly injured that they had to be tied to the stretchers. We carried them to the other side of the ship away from the list.

"Our radio and engines were out of action. Then a tug arrived on the scene, and actually got a line to us and began to tow us. The ship had practically righted herself, and everybody thought she would hold.

"But a few minutes later she turned quickly over to port and lay on her side. Our first thought was for the injured.

"I saw the captain, who had no lifebelt himself, unstrapping one of the injured from the stretchers.

"We put lifebelts on the injured, and as the ship was sinking slid them into the water. I saw one man take off his own lifebelt and throw it to one of the injured men as he floated in the water.

"There was a lot of oil floating on the surface and this made swimming difficult. A friend of mine who cannot swim a stroke, held one of the injured men's head above the water.

"The captain swam around encouraging the men. Gradually the tug picked up most of us, and then a trawler and a little pleasure boat came out and picked up the rest.

"While they were in the water some of the men were singing and cracking jokes. I saw one man who had stayed on the bow of the sinking ship rolling a cigarette, and jokingly remarking that he had no matches.

"Most of the men had only one complaint. That was that they were unable to save their ship. While we were sinking we saw an explosion in a merchant ship not far away."

One of the first boats on the scene was a motor-boat with Mr. Jack Pocock, the owner, and Mr. Ben Richards, the engineer, on board.

"We were within a quarter of a mile of the destroyer," said Mr. Pocock, "when we saw her heel over and go down stern first. Men were pouring over the side, and the sea seemed full of swimming sailors and oil.

"I shall never forget the courage of those men. One swam round singing 'Even Hitler had a Mother,' and another I tried to pick out of the water refused my hand, saying there were other men in a worse plight. I saw one sailor push a piece of wreckage into the hands of a boy and swim away.

"The 70 we picked up included the captain and two petty officers, and we put them aboard a tug.

"We were on our way home after this rescue when we saw great founts of water round the bows of the merchant ship.

"She drifted for an hour and a half before she sank, and all the crew escaped in their own lifeboats."

Mr. Ben Richards said:

"We heard an explosion beside a destroyer which appeared to be under tow by a tug. We thought they were deliberately exploding mines and went on with our fishing until another destroyer dashed up and told us to take part in a rescue.

"I made our boat go as she has never gone before and we were within a quarter of a mile when I saw the destroyer heel over and go down stern first.

"In the summer our fishing boat takes 50 holiday makers for trips to sea, and yesterday we crammed 60 into it. They were covered with oil and few of them had the strength to climb into the boat without help.

"After transferring them to a tug we picked up ten more from a rowing boat that was so full it could not move. Many of the men had broken limbs and other injuries.

The engineer of a trawler which landed six survivors said:

"One man was floating in a sea of oil for an hour. He was nearly finished when we pulled him aboard.

"We picked up four men in a Carley float" (life-saving apparatus).

One of the "happy endings" that sometimes occur when ships are lost at sea and there is a long list of men missing is seen above. Five of the men who were missing when a British destroyer was sunk in November were afterwards found to be among those saved. Here one of them, Ordinary Seaman Gospell, is at his home in the North of England with his mother.

We Spent Five Days in the 'Deutschland'

After three weeks as prisoners on the pocket battleship "Deutschland" and on the famous "City of Flint," the crew of the British "Stonegate" arrived home on a Norwegian ship on October 30. Here is their story as told to the "News Chronicle."

"WE were homeward bound from South America when, about 11.15 a.m., on October 5, the 'Deutschland' appeared and fired a shot across our bows.

"We were told to take to our boats. There were enormous seas running.

"The 'Deutschland' then opened fire, and within a few minutes the 'Stonegate' was in flames and soon sank.

"We were taken aboard the 'Deutschland' and placed in cabins on a lower deck, where constant guard was kept over us. We were treated very fairly and got plenty of food, but were only allowed on deck for a half-hour at dusk for exercise.

I WAS THERE!

"On the fifth day, just before we were due to go for exercise, we saw through the porthole a ship which proved to be the 'City of Flint.'

"The American captain was asked whether he would prefer to have his vessel sunk or taken to Germany. He replied that he would rather have the vessel taken to Germany.

"A boarding party of 18 German soldiers was placed on the 'City of Flint,' armed with hand grenades and revolvers.

"The 37 of us were placed under the fo'c'sle, where we were herded for days, having to sleep in the cold on wet boards. Although the American crew were prisoners they were eventually given full liberty, and did their best to provide us with food and clothing.

"We were told, however, by the German officers that if we moved over the step of the lazaret hand grenades would be thrown among us.

"Before we arrived at Tromsö the American at the wheel told the Norwegian pilot that the ship was the 'City of Flint' and that there was an English crew of prisoners on board.

"The pilot apparently informed the authorities, and a Norwegian destroyer came off and an armed guard boarded the vessel and disarmed the German prize crew.

"The Norwegians maintained control of the 'City of Flint' after we were put ashore. Then the American ship, having taken water aboard, was escorted outside the Norwegian territorial limit, and that was the last we knew of her."

Our Ship was Sunk by a Pocket Battleship

It was the pocket battleship "Admiral Scheer" which sank the British cargo steamer "Clement" in the South Atlantic on September 30. This news was established when the "Clement's" master, Capt. F. C. P. Harris, eventually arrived in London, and his story as reported in the "Daily Telegraph" is given below.

CAPT. HARRIS, who was accompanied by the chief engineer, Mr. W. Bryant, stated. "That when making for Bahia, Brazil, he saw a battleship a long way off. When she was between four and five miles away a seaplane took off from her. The 'plane circled over us," he continued, "and, without any warning, spattered the bridge with machine-gun fire. Then I knew that she must be a German raider.

"Three times the 'plane circled round us, sending machine-gun bullets into the bridge at each turn. I do not know how I escaped, but the only one hit was my chief officer. He was slightly wounded in the hand.

"Believing that we would be shelled I ordered my crew of fifty to the boats, and had gone into one myself when a picket boat from the German battleship came alongside. They told me and Mr. Bryant to get into the picket boat, and our boats were allowed to go.

"The Germans then carried a number of bombs from the picket boat on to the 'Clement,' but for some reason they did not explode.

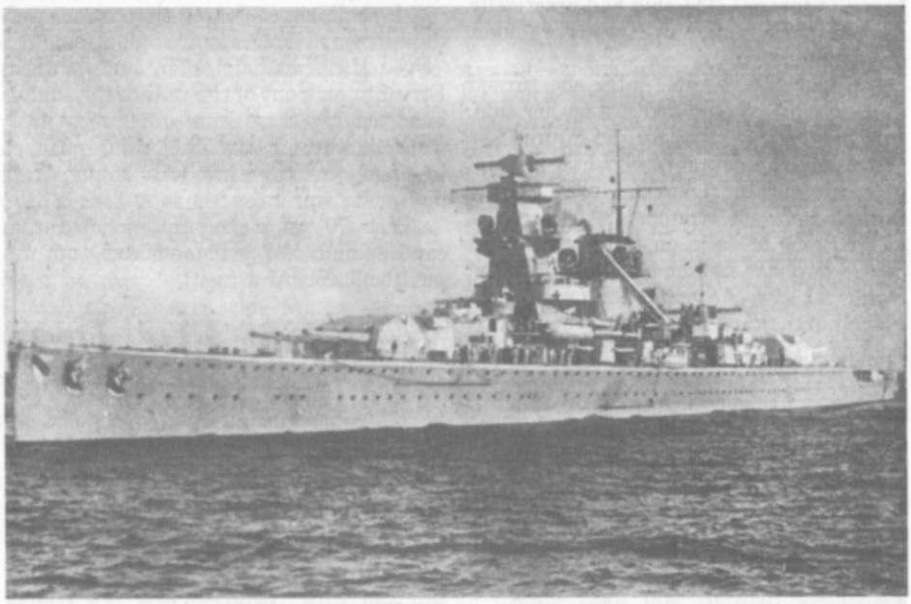
"We were taken on board the battleship, and I recognized her at once as the 'Admiral Scheer.'

"When the bombs failed to explode, the 'Admiral Scheer' sank the 'Clement' by shell fire from about a mile off. We were quite well treated while on board her. We were asked to give our word of honour that we would not attempt sabotage or espionage, but, strangely enough, they did not ask us any questions, and I said very little.

"We were only five hours on board the 'Admiral Scheer.' They then overtook the Greek vessel 'Papalemos,' 3,748 tons, and transferred us to her."

Capt. Harris and Mr. Bryant were landed at St. Vincent, and after seventeen days' wait there were taken to Le Havre by a Dutch boat. The "Clement's" crew was landed in Brazil.

Captain F. C. P. Harris, Master of the "Clement," is here seen on his way to the Admiralty with his chief engineer, Mr. W. Bryant. They established the identity of the "Admiral Scheer."



Left are some of the crew of the Booth liner "Clement" on board the Brazilian steamer which rescued them. Right is the "Admiral Scheer," the German "pocket" battleship which turned commerce raider. Though only of cruiser tonnage—that is, 10,000 tons—she carries six 11-in. guns as against the twelve 6-in. guns carried by British cruisers of equal tonnage.

Photos, Associated Press and Planet News

First Bombs Dropped on Britain in This War

Although bombs fell in the waters of the Firth of Forth in the German raid of October 16, the first bombs actually to fall on British soil were those dropped from the Nazi warplanes which raided the Shetland Islands on Monday, November 13. In the one raid, as in the other, the results, militarily speaking, were insignificant.

THE Shetlands in November. Heavy rain, thick mist, poor visibility. Suddenly out of the haze a German bomber sweeps in from the sea, almost skimming the waves as he comes. Passing over a seaplane base he fires unsuccessfully at a British seaplane in the air. Then, when above a number of war vessels at a height of about 1,000 feet, he drops four bombs, or they may have been aerial torpedoes. Again he fails to make a hit.

From the nearest point on the German coast to the Shetland Isles the distance is approximately 550 miles. Thus, there and back, Nazi raiders would have to travel at least 1,100 miles.

By now other Nazi raiders have followed in his wake. More bombs are dropped, and then, speeded by terrific anti-aircraft fire, the raiders disappear into the mist as quickly as they came.

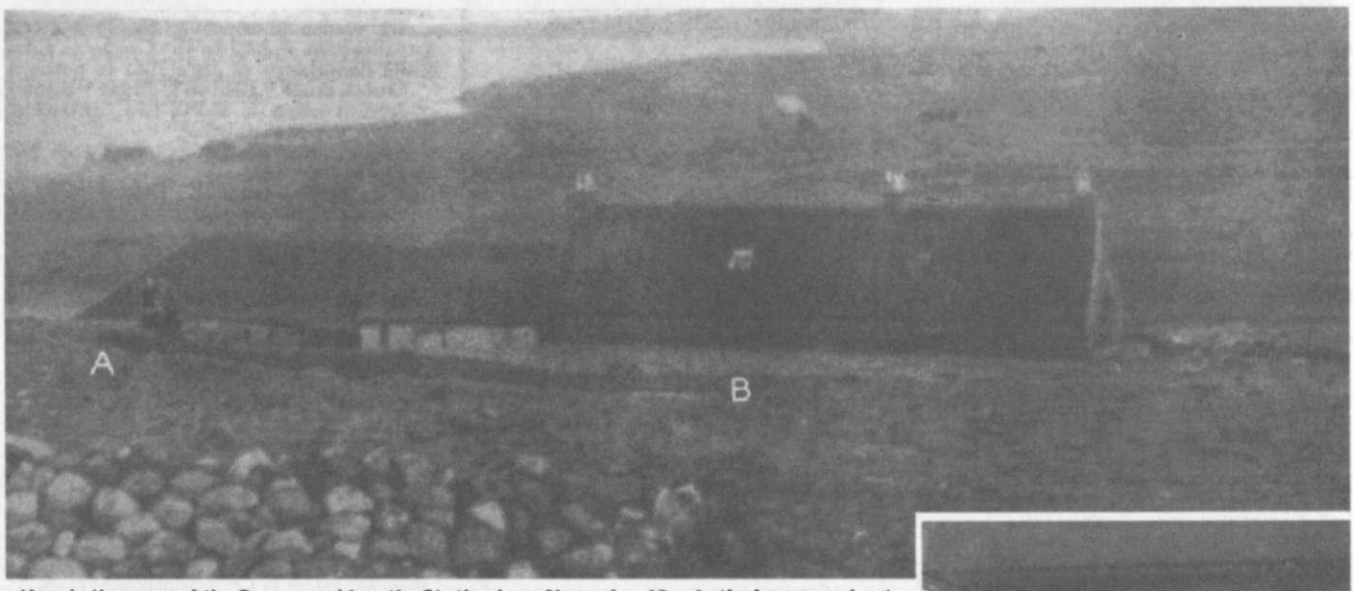
At least sixteen bombs—some of them armour-piercing—said to weigh about 250 lb. were dropped during the raid. Some fell in the sea and did no damage; of those that dropped on land, four buried themselves in a deep peat moor and failed to explode; and the others, though they made craters up to 20 feet wide and 9 or 10 feet deep, were equally harmless in their results. Quantities of earth and stones were hurled 150 feet into the air, and as they fell the stones were buried in the ground for several hundred yards around. One 7-lb. fragment hit a small house 400 yards away. An empty house near the shore had its roof lifted and windows broken. Crofters' houses in the neighbourhood also had their windows broken by the concussion.

In the village school a young teacher kept her class of five children singing through the clatter of gunfire and bombs without. Fragments from anti-aircraft shells fell round the school, but there were no casualties.

An exultant bulletin was issued by the German official news agency after the raid. "Our reconnaissance machines," read the statement, "discovered two cruisers, several smaller units, nine flying boats, several cargo boats and a large passenger ship in Sullom Voe. They decided on the cruiser and the flying-boats as their objectives. Despite firing from anti-aircraft guns, coastal batteries and ships, our flyers dived from the clouds. Two flying-boats were destroyed by fifty-kilogram bombs. It is believed that a heavy bomb struck the cruiser, for flames and smoke were noted by the airmen." After stressing the unfavourable weather during which the German reconnaissance aircraft had undertaken flights across the North Sea "deep into enemy air territory," the agency went on to claim that "the new attack against the Shetland Islands adds to the successful actions by the German air force in the northern part of the North Sea, and in attacks against British war harbours. These activities against the Firth of Forth, Scapa Flow and the Shetland Islands are only at the very beginning."

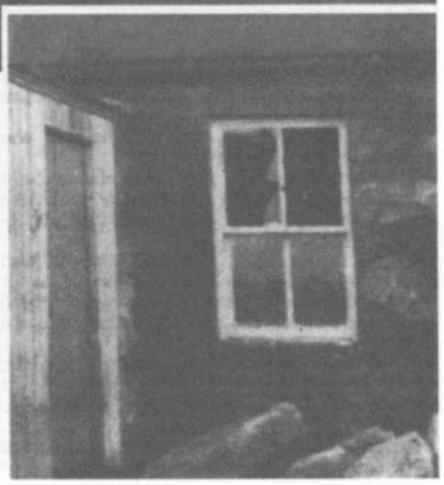
To these claims and boasts the British Air Ministry made a brief but sufficient reply: "No British aircraft were destroyed during the raid," while the Admiralty announced that: "Two attacks on the Shetlands were made today by enemy aircraft, which were driven off by anti-aircraft gunfire. The bombs dropped did no damage."

However, it is not quite true to say that there were no casualties. Careful inspection of the area involved in the raid revealed the corpse of one rabbit who, there is reason to believe, died as the result of enemy action.



Here is the scene of the German raid on the Shetlands on November 13. In the foreground not far removed from the row of crofters' cottages is one of the craters formed by the bombs dropped; A and B mark its limits, and it is about 20 ft. in diameter. Little damage was done, but on the right is one of the windows broken by the concussion.

Photos, Associated Press



OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Monday, November 13, 1939

R.A.F. fighter aircraft repulsed a German raider over the East Coast.

Two attacks on the Shetlands were made by enemy aircraft, which were driven off by anti-aircraft gunfire. Bombs were dropped, the first time in this war on British soil, but did no damage.

Air Ministry announced that an attack on a U-boat was made on Sunday by a British reconnaissance aircraft of the Coastal Command.

German reconnaissance machines reached the outskirts of Paris and were met by anti-aircraft fire.

Activity of aircraft on both sides was reported from the Western Front.

Finnish delegation left Moscow for Helsinki **without an agreement** having been reached.

British steamer "Ponzano" reported sunk by a U-boat.

Admiralty announced that two German steamers, "Mecklenburg" and "Parana," intercepted by British warships, had been scuttled by their crews. After rescuing the crews, the warships finally sank the ships by gunfire to prevent their being dangerous to navigation.

Formation of a South African seaward defence force officially announced.

Tuesday, November 14

Hitler's reply to the offer of mediation by Queen Wilhelmina and King Leopold was reported to have been communicated to the Dutch Minister and the Belgian Ambassador in Berlin, and to be unfavourable.

Admiralty announced the **loss of a destroyer** through striking a German mine.

Survivors of the Fleetwood trawler "Cresswell," sunk by U-boat shell-fire off the North of Scotland, were landed by another trawler after spending over six hours in the submarine.

Norwegian tanker "Arne Kjode" reported sunk by a U-boat.

Polish Prime Minister, General Sikorski, and the Foreign Minister, M. Zaleski, arrived in London.

Medals of the Military Division of the Order of the British Empire were awarded to two airmen for gallantry in helping comrades.

Trade negotiations in Stockholm between Sweden and Germany were broken off.

Czech police broke up a Czech Fascist demonstration in Prague, 12 persons being injured.

Wednesday, November 15

Von Ribbentrop received the Belgian Ambassador and Dutch Minister in Berlin and informed them that as a result of the "blunt rejection" of the peace appeal by Great Britain and France, the German Government considered the matter closed.

Dr. Paasikivi, head of the Finnish delegation, which had returned to Helsinki, stated that **Russia had made military demands** which could not be granted.

Violent propaganda against Finland was broadcast from Moscow.

It was reported that recent daylight reconnaissance flights by R.A.F. machines over Germany had yielded valuable photographs of military objectives.

The King received General Sikorski and other members of the Polish Government.

Mr. Eden and the Empire envoys returned to London after their tour of the Western Front.

M. Paul Reynaud, French Finance Minister, who had paid a two-day visit to London at the invitation of Sir John Simon, returned to Paris.

British steamer "Woodtown" reported blown up, with the loss of nine lives.

Thursday, November 16

Paris reported that formidable defences in front of the Maginot Line had been completed.

German aeroplane which flew over Dunkirk on November 11 now known to have been shot down by French batteries there.

THE POETS & THE WAR

VIII

TO THE DEAD

(November 11, 1918-1939)

By Sir John Squire

Your Peace, she never came of age,
That Peace you bought with bitter price;
Nor now survives in this dull rage
One sign of all your sacrifice.

Your sons must arm again to do
What all you, dying, thought you'd done;
How shall they doubt that rumour true
Of Vanity beneath the sun?

A risen Fiend! A faded goal!
These trampled lands, this wasted sky
Keep no surprises for the soul
Either of hope or agony!

* * * * *

Last night, in cold and smothering dark,
A memory of your courage came,
And burned, a pure and patient spark
Which yet may light a world to flame:

Still calmly summoning, as when
You took it with unquestioning trust
From legions of defeated men
Who sang revelly from the dust.

O, if we fail in this mischance,
Not you alone we shall betray,
But all our long inheritance
Since the first dreamers lost the day!

—*The Times*

German steamer "Leander" was brought into a West Country port after the crew had prevented the captain from scuttling her.

British ship "Africa Shell" sunk by German raider off Portuguese East Africa.

French Minister of Economic Warfare stated that from the outbreak of war to November 10 the French Navy had seized 223,297 tons of contraband goods.

Cost of living officially stated to have gone up by 2½ per cent during October.

General Sikorski discussed with Mr. Burgin, Minister of Supply, proposals for the equipment of Polish forces designed to co-operate with the Allied forces.

German reply to the offer of mediation was considered by the Dutch Cabinet. Later it was announced that the Netherlands Government would communicate with the Belgian Government on the matter.

Friday, November 17

Meeting of the Allied Supreme War Council was held in London.

An **enemy reconnaissance 'plane flew over South-west Lancs, Cheshire and North Wales,** and another over the Shetlands. No bombs were dropped. Anti-aircraft guns were in action.

Air Ministry announced that daylight reconnaissances over North-west Germany were carried out and an important naval base successfully photographed.

Enemy reconnaissance 'planes dropped leaflets over towns in Central and South-east France.

Nine Czech students executed and many demonstrators arrested following **riots in Bohemia.** Czech universities closed down for three years.

Violent attack on Russia, warning her not to interfere in the Balkans, broadcast from Rome in Russian.

General Sikorski, Polish Prime Minister, visited Scotland and presented war decorations to members of Polish naval units.

Saturday, November 18

Martial law declared in Prague and other big Czech towns. Further executions took place.

Dr. Hacha, President of the Protectorate, broadcast an appeal to the Czechs to refrain from disturbance or resistance to authority.

Dutch liner "Simon Bolivar" sunk by German mine in North Sea. About 140 persons reported missing.

German aircraft, sighted in Dutch territorial waters, returned the fire of Dutch 'planes which went in pursuit.

Enemy aircraft reported off the East Coast and the Firth of Forth area. They disappeared when British fighters went up.

Members of the crew of "Africa Shell" identified the raider which sunk her off the East African coast as the German "pocket" battleship "Admiral Scheer."

It Is Said That . . .

Dogs are being used for food in Warsaw.

Acts of sabotage have occurred at the Erzberg iron ore works, Austria.

Salisbury Cathedral, it was stated by a Nazi broadcaster, has been looted.

German farmers and peasants are asked to develop fishing in inland waters.

It has been found that "Buna," German synthetic rubber, is useless for gas masks.

The price of Christmas trees in Germany is to be fixed by Reich Regulations Bureau.

Hitler has practised revolver shooting at moving targets every day since war started.

German shoemenders convert summer shoes into winter ones by applying strong soles and heels.

Prince von Starhemberg, formerly leader of the Austrian Heimwehr, has been deprived of German citizenship.

Rumania prayed for rain to turn her frontier districts into bogs, and so hamper or preclude military operations.

In Germany stockings and socks are rationed, except for children under three.

The German Finance Minister has forbidden women to smoke in Bohemia and Moravia.

An order for 200,000 tons of Argentine meat was placed by Great Britain and France.

Shampoo lotion is used in Berlin in the absence of soap, by those who can afford it.

Von Schirach, militant Nazi Youth Leader, has been rejected by an army medical board.

"Slave of Stalin" was inscribed on the walls of Von Ribbentrop's Berlin house one night.

German schoolchildren aid Nazi propaganda by writing persuasive letters to French children.

Zeal in tell-tale spying in some German towns reached such heights that the authorities had to discourage it.

German minorities in Yugoslavia and Hungary are resorting to desperate expedients to avoid returning to the Reich.